

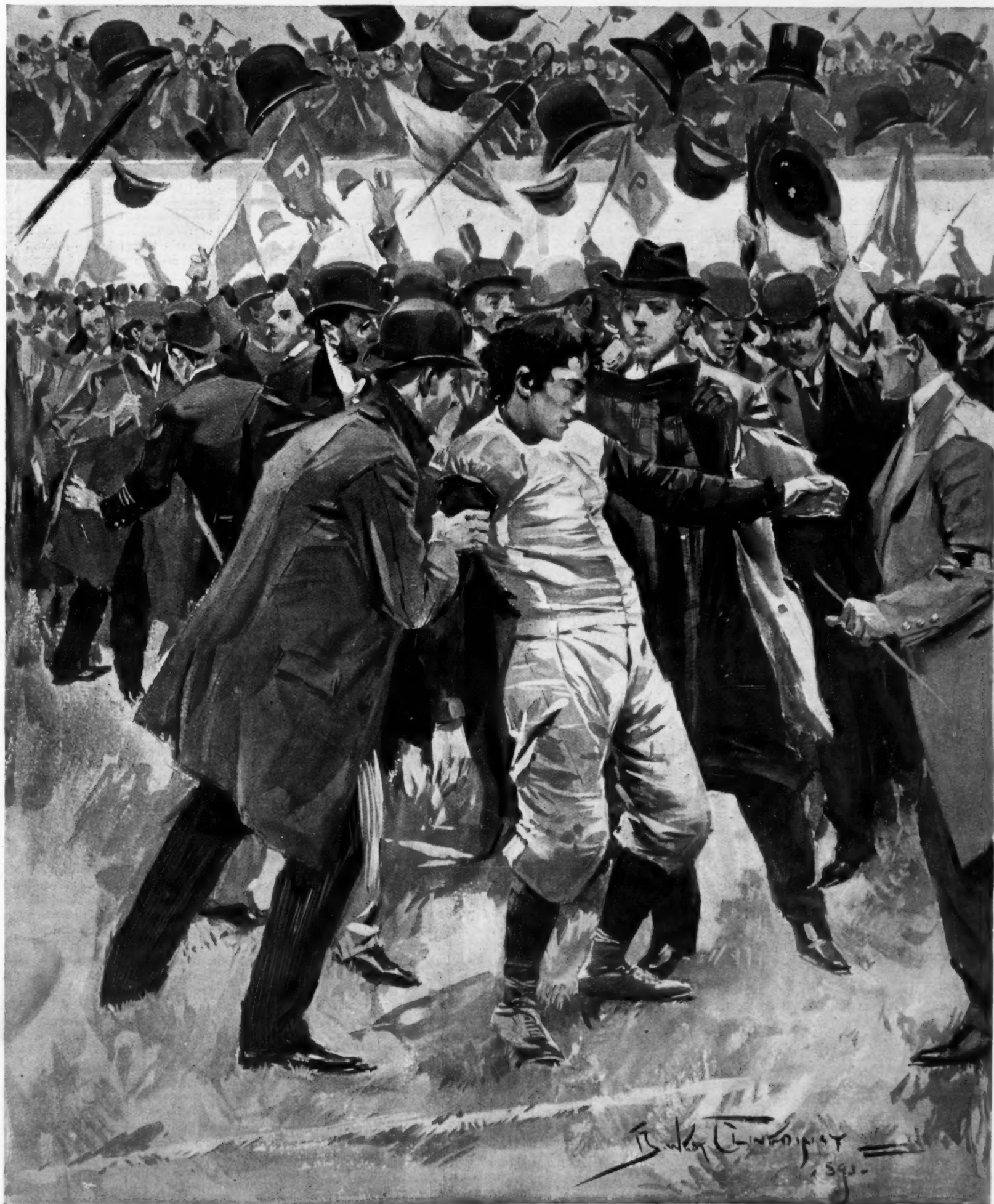
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
NOV 21 1893
CITY OF WASHINGTON

VOL. LXXVII.—No. 1983.
Copyright, 1893, by ARKELL WEEKLY CO.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1893.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



Vail, the quarter-back of the University of Pennsylvania team, was badly injured in the course of the game, and carried from the field against his protest. Later on, when it was found that his team was gaining ground, he insisted on quitting the bed on which he had been laid, and was led out in time to see the University team make their touchdown, which is described as one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed on a foot-ball field.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL—THE GREAT GAME OF NOVEMBER 11TH, ON MANHATTAN FIELD, BETWEEN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA AND YALE TEAMS.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. B. SCHELL.



THE FAMOUS WORLD'S-FAIR ISSUES
OF
Frank Leslie's Weekly.
14 WEEKS FOR \$1.00.

A pictorial history of the great Columbian Exposition which has just closed is contained in the World's-Fair issues of the LESLIE. These fourteen weeks' editions will be sent to any one, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00. They can be ordered through book and news dealers, or direct of the publishers.

THE ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,
110 FIFTH AVENUE, . . . NEW YORK CITY.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL Publisher.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1893.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks	1.00

Cable address: "Judgeark."

The Protest against Bossism.

THE result of the recent election in this State was a protest against bossism and its methods. It was in no sense the outcome of exceptionally sagacious Republican management, or of vigorous, aggressive party organization. The victory is the victory of the conscience and intelligence of the people over Democratic cabals and rings which have arrogantly usurped the functions of government and gorged themselves to satiety at the expense of every public interest.

The Republican party of the State must not mistake the meaning of this verdict. Further toleration by it of self-seeking bosses will expose it to the same disaster which has overtaken the Democracy. Nothing can be more certain than this. Any use of the power which has been committed to the party hands for the promotion of personal ambitions or the erection of selfish partisan autocracies will be vigorously resented. The Republican party in New York must henceforth be its own master. It has worn too long already the collar of one man and another, subordinating its manhood in slavish subserviency to self-constituted leaders intent on personal instead of patriotic ends. Let it seize and utilize the opportunity to achieve deliverance which has now come to it. There is wisdom and patriotism enough in its ranks to make it the permanently dominant force in our politics and public policy. It will be a crime if this result is not assured.

The Top-heavy Cruisers.



THE announcement that five of our newest additions to the navy are top-heavy has caused intense disappointment among all those who are concerned for the success of the new navy. Still, it would be well not to exaggerate the situation. These vessels are not necessarily failures, and the fault in each case can be remedied without much difficulty. The truth of the matter is that there has been serious error, probably, in the construction bureau in their design, and

that too much fighting equipment has been placed on them. The vessels have been asked to do work in excess of their capacity. Possessing a boy's strength, a man's task has been expected of them. By reducing the size of the armament, and by making changes in placing the stores, it is probable that these vessels may be made fighting engines equal to or surpassing anything of their class in other navies.

It must be remembered that these boats, the *Montgomery*, *Detroit*, *Marblehead*, *Machias*, and *Castine*, are small affairs. The first three are cruisers a little larger than the *Yorktown* class of gunboats. The other two are gunboats chiefly designed for river service in China. All were very much needed in the navy, and will undoubtedly yet be made efficient. But while it is possible to remedy the faults in their construction, it is regrettable that just when we were congratulating ourselves that we were beating the world in naval production of every kind this serious defect should be discovered. It is known that our first-class vessels, like the *New York* and *Indiana*, are free from any such blemish, and perhaps we are to be congratulated that we have made so few errors. Certainly in this respect we may felicitate ourselves, and also may be glad that our weakness has been discovered in time to escape serious results in our larger and very costly and important craft.

The technical trouble with these five vessels is that their metacentre is too low. Metacentre is another term for buoyancy. It is a term of higher mathematics, and involves the clearest of calculations. It is an entirely different matter from specific gravity. Naval experts will tell you that in vessels the specific gravity should be low and the metacentre should be high. Each enters into a vessel's steadiness, and in the computation of each the Navy Department has been successful hitherto. Had the computations been accurate it would have been doubtful if the heavy armaments could have been carried.

The lesson of the matter is that the Navy Department needs a serious shaking up in its bureaus. The fact that these vessels were built during Mr. Tracy's administration should lead to no criticism of his services. Under Mr. Whitney or Mr. Herbert the result would have been the same. Mr. Tracy is said, however, to feel keenly the failure of these vessels to be all that was expected of them, but he may point to the fact that if his plans had been carried out no such failure would have been recorded. Mr. Tracy tried to overhaul the construction bureau, and was blocked in every attempt he made. The matter of rank was thought to be of more importance than merit. Mr. Tracy wanted the young men in the department brought forward. Legislation to accomplish this could not be secured. The result was that some of our young ship-constructors resigned—notably Mr. Nixon, who went to the Cramps' establishment—and others have been kept down. It is time to root out inefficiency in the new navy, especially in the bureaus. We cannot afford to have any top-heavy vessels, little or big; we cannot afford to have any *Victoria* disasters in case of collision; we cannot afford to have any of our ships capsize.

Now is the time to mend matters. Secretary Herbert has an opportunity to make a record. We mistake the man if he shall be slow to seize it.

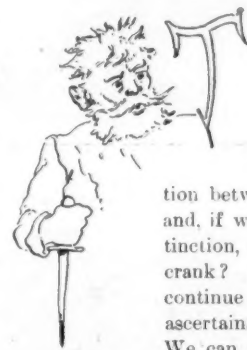
The Election and the Judiciary.

THE result of the late election in this State is especially important in its relation to the judiciary and its future character and influence. It will not be disputed that there has been in late years a growing tendency to acute partisanship in the decisions of many of our judges. This tendency has become so pronounced that the courts have come to be regarded with suspicion and distrust; so much so that nobody is surprised when cases involving grave public interests are decided with reference to partisan considerations rather than upon their merits. It is the simple truth that many of our judges, in their treatment of so-called political cases, have prostituted the functions of their office to the service of partisan rings and bosses. The nomination of Maynard was made by the Democracy in the belief that it could be carried through, because of the apparent popular acquiescence in this vitiated standard of judicial performance. Senator Hill and those who with him dictated that nomination count always upon the vices of the dissolute and depraved as stronger potencies and as worth more in an election than the good intentions of the virtuous and law-abiding. They have discovered their mistake; they have found out that the people will not submit to further deterioration of the Bench, and that its subjugation to bossism will not be longer tolerated. The demonstration of that fact will be immensely valuable in its influence upon hitherto complaisant judges. It cannot fail to beget, in the more conscientious and upright of them, a more serious regard for the proprieties of their station and a more positive aversion to outside control.

Partisanship, on the Bench ought to be impossible in the face of this illustration of the supremacy of the popular will and the determination of the people to keep the administration of justice from partisan entanglements. The defeat of Judge Maynard is a declaration that every unjust judge will be held to a stern account for every act of faithlessness, and it embodies at the same time by

implication, an assurance that the judge who does his duty fearlessly and conscientiously will be secure in the public regard as against all attempts at terrorism on the part of politicians of whatever grade.

The Crank and the Criminal.



THE murder of Carter Harrison and the consequent outbreak of the abnormal impulses of the morbid varieties of the human species which we call cranks, have called attention to the old questions: What is the distinction between the crank and the criminal, and, if we can make any satisfactory distinction, what shall society do with the crank? Both problems are and must long continue to be insoluble. There is no ascertainable line between the two classes.

We can only say, in the language of Dr. Maudsley, that there is a border-land between crime and insanity near one border of which we meet with something of madness but more of sin, and near the other boundary something of sin but more of madness. Within this obscure border-land there must always be a wide field for the studies of the psychologist and the practical wisdom of the legislator and the judge, and the results of the labors of all can never be complete nor satisfactory.

Much as we have learned of the laws of nature and the constitution and operation of the objects about us, organic and inorganic, we remain baffled by the mysteries of the most important object of all, the human brain. We build prisons and scaffolds for the criminal and asylums for the insane, but are constantly confronted with cases where we are in doubt which should be used. Yet every new case, like that of the Chicago assassin, compels new attention to the problem, hopeless as it may seem to be. Every such case tends to bring us nearer to the time when the physician, the law-maker, and the executive authorities may work in harmony for such action as will minister humanely to the mind diseased and at the same time limit its dangers to society.

But at present there would be wide differences of opinion as to what such action should be. Perhaps, in view of the record of tragedies like that of Mayor Harrison, a large majority would be inclined to ignore the existence of the border-land between insanity and crime altogether, and to say with the cynical Abbot of Citeaux as to a like difficulty in the case of heretics, "Kill them all. God will know His own." Indeed, a very recent writer in the *Westminster Review* declares that the criminal is a perpetual menace to the community, and if he cannot be mended he must be ended. And he adds that although there is hope for the actual criminal that he may become a useful member of society, yet when to criminality lunacy is added the case is hopeless, and death is the only solution.

Horrible as this seems, it is the view that has generally been acted on in cases of fanatical murder. Charlotte Corday was beheaded within a few days after she stabbed Marat in his bath. Ravalliac, who killed Henry of Navarre, was tortured and drawn asunder by horses, although it is now plain that he was a monomaniac. Bellingham, who assassinated Prime Minister Perceval, was executed, though he was plainly insane. Orsini, who killed eight and wounded one hundred in trying to assassinate Napoleon III., was beheaded. Booth was killed by fire and bullet in the effort to effect his capture. Guiteau was duly hanged after elaborate trial.

But this truculent spirit has not always prevailed. Hadfield, who shot at George III., was acquitted through the eloquence of Erskine, upon the ground of insane delusion, and so also was McKnighton, who killed Drummond under circumstances showing insanity. But this acquittal caused great alarm and indignation in England, and led to important results in the administration of criminal law. Some years ago a man was acquitted in New Jersey where the proof was clear that he had tried to burn up a ship in which he was himself sailing one thousand miles from land. The act itself was regarded as clear proof of insanity.

But the question, What shall we do with the crank? cannot be answered by reference to particular instances. Nor will it do to insist that the interests of society require that the law shall take no notice of the border-land, but must declare, as an English judge did not long ago, that "it is not certain whether it is not more necessary to hang an insane person than a sane person for murder."

This would be receding to barbarism. We must rather combine all the knowledge of the students of psychology and the wisdom of the men of practical affairs, to single out the cranks from the criminals and to deal with them as humanely as the safety of the community will permit. But this is only to state the problem anew. The difficulty will be found in reconciling the views of the student with the theories and traditions of the law. It is less than two centuries since an English judge, on the trial of an undoubted lunatic, declared that to be exempt from punishment it must be shown that "he doth not know what he is doing no more than an infant, a brute or a wild beast." Since that day there has been a gradual mitigation of this

cruel doctrine, and it has been greater in this country than in England. But there is room for further advance, and the more earnestly the men of science and the men of law will co-operate, the more safely it can be made.

Big Victory in a Small State.



O State in the Union has suffered so acutely in every moral and material interest from the domination of unscrupulous partisan rings as New Jersey. For years the people have been the helpless prey of foul and desperate partisan desperadoes, who stopped at nothing in their lust for power and plunder. Legislation has been dictated by gamblers and criminals; the executive office has been utilized for the furtherance of every form

of partisan iniquity; even the courts have been, to a good extent, converted into partisan machines for the oppression of the people. In all the large municipalities of the State home rule has been made impossible by the creation of boards and commissions which in every instance have been dominated by the worst conceivable type of political brigands. In many of the counties the sheriffs have been the tools of gamblers and criminals of whatever sort, and it has been impossible to indict or convict offenders, no matter how clear their guilt nor how conclusive the evidence against them. This has been especially the case as to frauds upon the ballot, which have grown to enormous magnitude in all the populous counties, being perpetrated with scarcely an attempt at concealment. Even the public institutions of the State, transferred to partisan control, have been made contributors to the power and profits of the ruling dynasty, their administration meanwhile being sensibly lowered in character and efficiency.

It was in the race-track legislation, however, of last winter that the inherent and overmastering tendencies of the dominant party found their worst and most dangerous manifestation. That legislation put New Jersey on a level with Monaco; it legalized pursuits and practices which in every other State in the Union are under ban; it gave free rein to licentiousness and vice of every form; it made the State, in a word, an arena in which the gamblers and vicious of every class and of every State maintained a saturnalia of robbery and outrage. This legislation was enacted deliberately by the Democratic party; and the ring which held that party by the throat, and which includes men high in power, have shared from the first the profits of the iniquitous practices which it legalized. In the late election hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended out of the race-track treasuries to maintain this corrupt and monstrous alliance. Had the effort succeeded, the State would have been made still more absolutely and hopelessly a mere appanage of the race-track lords. They counted confidently on success; it seemed to them impossible that, entrenched as they were, and relying as they did on the venality of a large class of voters, they could be dislodged. They failed to estimate with even approximate accuracy the depth and intensity of the feeling which their crimes had aroused in the public mind. They were in the nature of the case incapable of appreciating the resistless force of an awakened moral sentiment. While every pulpit thundered against them, they smiled with disdain; while men and women prayed and labored for the enlightenment of the thoughtless and indifferent, they simply sneered and laughed. They smile and laugh no longer. The hour struck, the storm broke, and they were engulfed in a defeat more complete and overwhelming than has overtaken any party, or any evil combination, in the history of the State.

The outcome of this triumph of the people will not be doubtful. The Legislature will repeal all the outrageous legislation of the last decade, will restore home rule to the people, will establish safeguards against the pollution of the ballot-box, and will so hedge about all departments of the State administration by wise laws as to make them invulnerable to assault. Then, Republican sheriffs having been elected in all the important counties, an effectual end will be put, by means of honest juries, to the rule of the criminal classes; bosses of the turf and the political ringsters who have been engaged in plundering the people by all manner of jobbery will be brought to book, and their methods of intimidation will no longer hold communities in subjection to their wishes. In every respect the victory is one of enormous importance, and in its relation to public morals is the most important achieved in the recent elections.

Let No Guilty Man Escape.

THERE can be no doubt at all as to the course which should be pursued in reference to the infamous frauds perpetrated at Gravesend under the direction of John Y. McKane. This man not only corrupted the elections, but

he deliberately defied a judicial process designed to prevent the consummation of the outrages he contemplated. The persons authorized to serve these processes were brutally assailed by a gang of desperadoes employed by him, and during the whole of election day the law was set at defiance by him and his minions. If such offenses shall go unpunished a premium will be set upon criminal violence, and the time will come when no citizen will be secure in the exercise of the suffrage.

Mr. William J. Gaynor, who made such a gallant and intrepid fight for purity in Brooklyn, and who was conspicuous in the efforts to defeat the schemes of McKane, is looked to with confidence to assume the leadership in bringing this violator of the law to justice. Being a man of stubborn and tenacious purpose, this confidence is not likely to be misplaced. He has the assurance of support from the leading men of both parties in Brooklyn, and the community at large has declared its sympathy with the movement already initiated.

It often happens that when a party is victorious it becomes careless as to the punishment of violators of the election laws. It ought not to be so any longer. Not only in Brooklyn, but wherever in the State frauds upon the ballot have been perpetrated, the offenders should be made to suffer the penalty of their crime. The conviction and punishment of McKane and others like him would be of almost infinite value to the cause of pure elections in this State and throughout the country at large.

Governor Flower's Shameless Attitude.



HAT does Governor Flower think of himself in the light of recent events? He justified unqualifiedly and unblushingly the theft of official documents by a public official for iniquitous partisan purposes, and the nomination of the thief, subsequently, for the highest judicial office in the gift of the people. He has persistently refused to use the authority of his office for the protection of citizens against the machinations of political malefactors. He evidently imagined that the conspirators with whom he is identified were strong enough in the fraudulent resources at their command, and audacious enough in their methods, to defy the virtuous sentiment of the State. He could not conceive that Sheehan, with his following of bullies and his control of the police and the ballot-boxes in Erie County, could be beaten, or that the stronghold of the Boody-McLaughlin ring in Brooklyn could be carried, or that Maynard in the State at large, backed by all the vicious and criminal forces of our politics, and with a big natural majority in his favor, could be by any possibility vanquished. What does he think now? What is the estimate he puts upon the popular intelligence on the one hand, and upon the barbarism and brutality of Sheehanism and McKaneism on the other? Is he satisfied with the result of his appeal to the lusts and prejudices of the lawless and venal?

Governor Flower claims to be a respectable man, of decent life and impulses. He is the Governor of a great State, and by virtue of his office ought to be an exemplar of every civic virtue, the defender of law, the champion of the rights of the people whenever and however endangered. It is a monstrous thing that he has by his attitude and official declarations allied himself with the assailants of these rights, and deliberately sanctioned an infamous attempt of knavish partisans to prostitute the judiciary to criminal uses. The people can never forget this shameless debasement of the executive office. The man who has shown himself capable of justifying a crime committed in the name of party; who stood by with gratified content while scoundrels schemed larcenies and perpetrated frauds upon the ballot-box, and who was prepared to hail with exultation a victory achieved at the expense of every consideration of law, justice, and fair play—such a man can have no future in a State in which decency and honesty are still regnant qualities in all public affairs.

Topics of the Week.

Now that the Republicans have control of the New York Legislature there are several things which they ought to do in the interest of sound public policy. They ought, for instance, to institute an examination into the condition of the big life insurance companies of this city, with a view of ascertaining the actual value of their assets, the character of their investments, and the precise nature of their business methods. There have been so-called investigations of these companies in the past, but they have resulted in nothing practical or satisfactory. Let us now have an honest examination, made by men who cannot be bought. If the companies are, in every respect, what they claim to be—if they are economically and honestly conducted, and their business rests on a secure basis

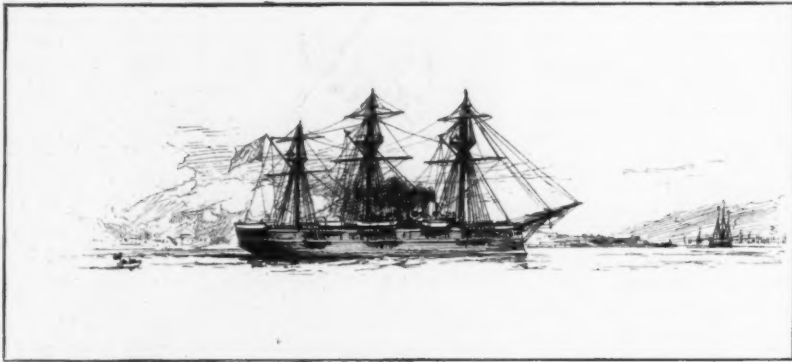
—they are entitled to the benefit which would accrue from a demonstration of the fact. If the fact is otherwise, then it should be made known in the interest of the public. Give us by all means a thorough, searching, and impartial examination of these great companies.

ONE of the satisfactory minor results of the late elections was the re-election of Judge Gary to the Supreme Bench in Chicago. Judge Gary was thrown overboard by the Democrats because of his fearless discharge of duty in the anarchist trials, and Governor Altgeld brought to bear against him all the power of his office. The anarchists and lawless classes of the city combined to secure his defeat, but the honest, law-abiding citizens rallied to his support, and he was triumphantly elected. The result is doubly gratifying, first, because it secures to the Bench at a peculiarly important period an incorruptible judge; and second, because Governor Altgeld, having failed in the fight in which he staked all his strength, is now effectually disposed of as a candidate for the United States Senatorship or for any elective office in the future.

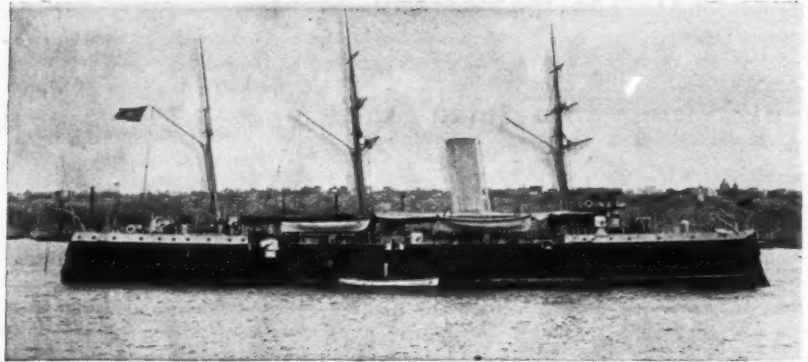
ONE of the most gratifying incidents of the recent elections was the overthrow of Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan by the people of Erie County. This protégé of Senator Hill had introduced into the politics of that county the peculiar methods of his patron, and had come to regard himself as absolute dictator. In the prosecution of his purposes he has resorted to fraud, bulldozing, and the most monstrous invasions of popular rights. He is responsible for the legislation which deprived the people of Buffalo of self-government and handed them over to the tender mercies of a ring which recognized him as master. He created a partisan police and used it to strengthen his dynasty. In the recent election he employed this police in the most brutal assaults upon the suffrage. The result of his audacity is seen in the complete rout of his forces. The honest Democracy of the county, obedient to the highest motives of patriotism, united with the Republicans in opposing his nominations, and literally buried the unscrupulous boss under an avalanche of votes. The people of Erie are to be congratulated upon their achievement. It affords another demonstration of the absolute supremacy of an awakened public opinion over all combinations which may be made by evil men to baffle and defeat it.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY is a prodigious worker, and never more so than when in the midst of a hot political campaign. It is stated that from the formal opening of his recent victorious campaign up to its close, a period of about forty-five days, he visited seventy of the eighty-eight counties of the State, and addressed seventy-three meetings arranged for him by the State committee. While making his progress through the State to keep these appointments, he addressed some thirty-seven additional impromptu gatherings, making a total of one hundred and ten. This, however, does not tell the whole story of his summer's work. Before the formal opening of the campaign he visited, during the months of June, July, and August, nearly one-half of the counties of the State in his official capacity as Governor, and made fifty addresses to religious, labor, educational, and municipal organizations, agricultural assemblies, etc. Thus the grand total of formal speeches made by him in one hundred and twenty-two days was one hundred and sixty. The fatigue of long-distance travel, joined to the strain of constant speaking, was enormous, but he came out of it all robust and strong. Governor McKinley is a most engaging speaker, and immensely popular with the plain people, whom he has the faculty of interesting on any subject with which he is called upon to deal.

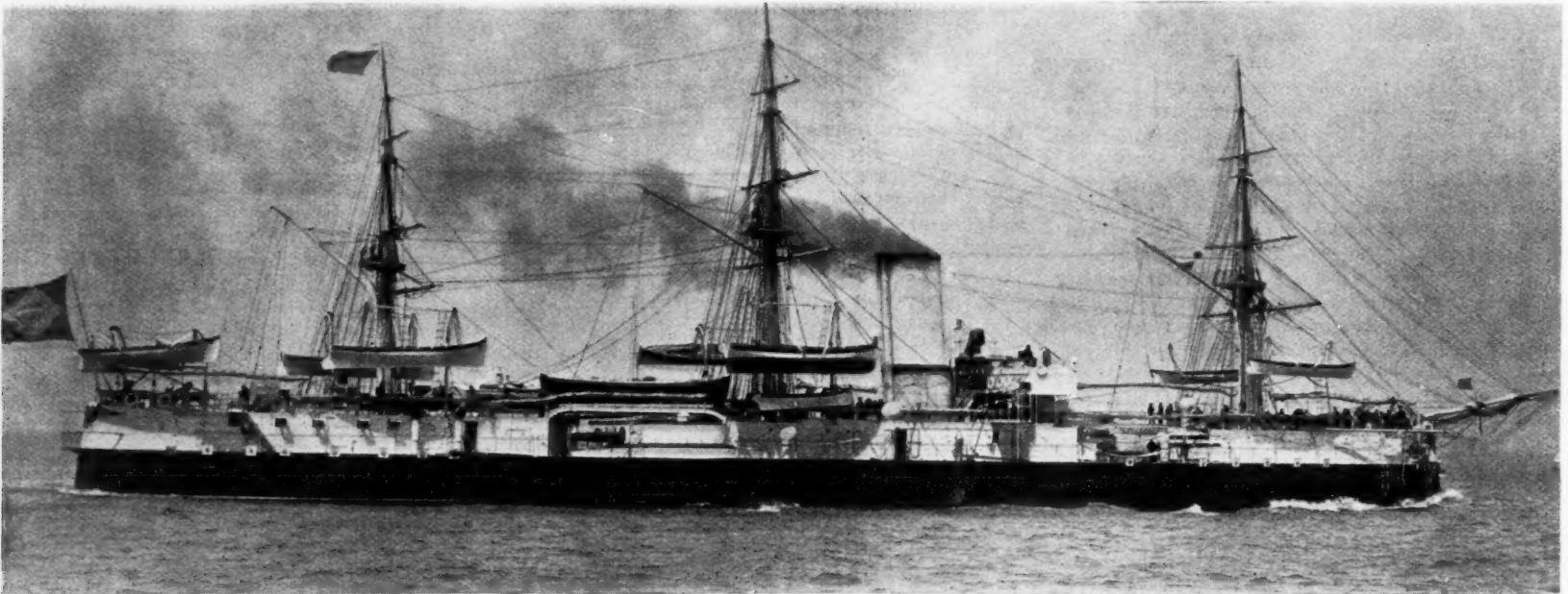
A GENTLEMAN in this city, of foreign birth, who is quite well known in society circles and otherwise, proposes to establish a colony on the island of Trinidad, which lies some seven hundred miles from the coast of Brazil, and contains about sixty square miles of territory. The island was discovered by him while on a trip around the world in a sailing-vessel, and is said to be unoccupied and without an owner. The discoverer proposes to take possession of it under the theory of international law that anybody may seize and hold waste land that is not claimed by anybody else. The idea of the discoverer is to plant a colony and establish some sort of principality, of which, presumably, he will be the head. It is believed that the island would support several hundred people in comfort. We know nothing as to the class of persons whom the founder of this new nation desires to establish upon its territory, but it might answer very well as a refuge for political bosses who have been so effectually repudiated by the people. They are a bad lot, but they couldn't do anything worse, we are sure, than steal the island, and that would be a petty offense compared with some of their other crimes. Buffalo would no doubt cheerfully consent to the deportation of the "blue-eyed" Sheehan, and as for Brooklyn, the people would cheerfully pay the expenses of removing Boody, McLaughlin, Worth, and the rest to the island principality.



THE "TRAJANO."



THE "REPUBLICA."



THE "AQUIDABAN."



CREW OF THE "AQUIDABAN."



OFFICERS OF THE "AQUIDABAN"



BAND OF THE "AQUIDABAN."

UNDER THE BLOOD-RED BANNER.—II.

NO. 111 READE STREET, the Salvation Army headquarters, is very like a bee-hive, or a still more populous ant-hill, all swarming with busy, moving life. It is honey-combed with little offices, most of them airless and gas-lit; the passages are narrow and the stairs steep, and through and up and down them all day long the busy workers are running—red-shirted men, girls in flaring bonnets, slum-workers with their little black hats and gingham aprons, trim-uniformed officers or auxiliary visitors clad after the manner of the world's people. And each one of them is in touch and sympathy with all the rest, like children of a family working under the eye of a father.

Stepping in from the street on a busy Monday morning, I found it far from uninteresting to study for a while the sales-room and its visitors. The visible stock-in-trade is not large—a glass case full of tambourines and a cornet or two, some motto-printed shields and texts for framing, and a small array of books on shelves behind glass doors, are all that one discovers at a glance. The most attractive object is the captain behind the counter, whose work all day long is tying parcels, pasting labels, making sales, and answering questions—pertinent or otherwise—always with a smiling face and a cheerfulness that is quite contagious. Captain Blackburn was born with dimples and a trick of smiling, but there is a curious characteristic of brightness and sunniness in all the faces that go by one in the office—faces that, young or old, seem to have a light behind them, shining through care-marks or signs of age. Some of the girls are pretty, and there is one, with the silver "S" of a staff officer on her collar, whom I long to borrow as a model for a Madonna. English voices touch the ear very often and very pleasantly, and there is a great deal of merry laughter and small joking—especially when it is discovered that I am desirous of introducing the red-jerseyed janitor into my sketch, and that he must not desist from mopping the floor, although modesty renders him rigid and almost incapable. He would probably lead a meeting, or struggle through an "open-air" mob with composure; but to be sketched at the mop's-end, so to speak, is a hard trial.

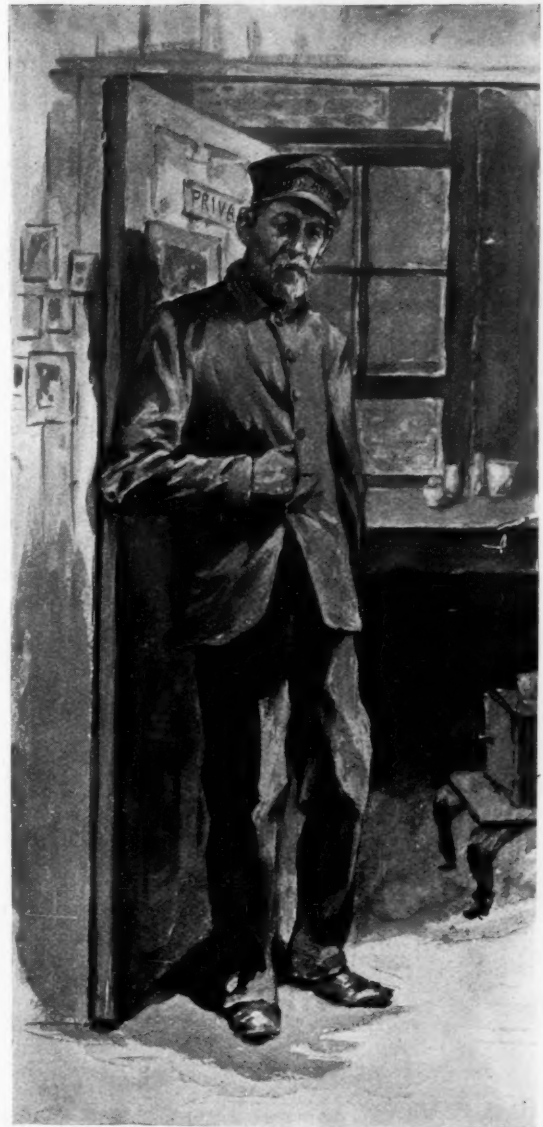
Ensign Marshall, of the auxiliary department, volunteers to show me the building. She is a delicate, slender little girl and I last saw her leading a meeting, with the same calm, smiling face and unembarrassed serenity as now. It may be the habit of public speaking, as well as their utter absorption in their work, that gives to all these women and girls a rare ease and absence of self-consciousness pleasantly noticeable in those who come from the ranks of "working people," as well as in the representatives of a higher social order. The gray-eyed little staff-officer leads the way up a steep, narrow stair, at the head of which the stray and unauthorized visitor is met by a peremptory order to stop and state his business at the mailing-desk. This is the postal department; a small, gas-lighted pen, which

does not look imposing, but through which a great deal of business passes, and between which and the outside world a small knickerbockered Salvationist is kept running pretty actively all day long. For letter-postage and telegrams the expenditure for the six months ending last September reached \$2,258.72, and the cost of mailing the *War Cry* is set down at \$2,342.85.

There is a constant rush of footsteps past the mailing-desk, and the passage-way is narrow and dark, lighted—and also strongly flavored—by flaring gas-jets. The rear offices look out on a dead wall not two feet distant, and are permeated by the steadily ascending smells of a tobacco-factory and a hotel kitchen, while the front offices effectually shut out the light and air from the small pens adjoining them. A large part of the field-officers' self-sacrifice, I think to myself, must be drawn on to support them through a day in No. 111; but, "praise the Lord!" Ensign Marshall says, "we hope to raise the funds soon for our new memorial building"; and then there will be a new headquarters on Fourteenth Street, raised as a memorial to the Mother of the Salvation Army.

On this second floor is the office of the statistical department, under the charge of Major Perry, who has the bewildering task of receiving every week the reports of over one thousand local officers, stating the number of in- and out-door meetings in every corps—a corps, as the reader may guess, answering to a parish under the church system,—the number of persons present at each, the conversions, if any, and the names of new privates enrolled. A strict account is rendered here of all collections taken and moneys received, these being counted after every meeting by the local treasurer and an officer of each post, whose accounts are compared weekly. Through Major Perry come also all the local appointments, as distinguished from those of field-officers, and the sanction of the commander to all changes, removals, etc.; in his department is included all legal business, and the care and supervision of all army property, plans for new buildings, and purchases or rentals.

Next comes the financial department, under Adjutant Crafts. Here come all the funds that are gathered in through collections, sales of goods and publications and contributions from outside sources; and here, as has been repeatedly told the inquiring and skeptical public, when curious on the subject of misappropriations, may be seen the large ledgers and the account-books of the smallest corps, and the disposition of every cent clearly accounted for to the most exacting investigator. At the suggestion of Mrs. Booth I had timed my visit to the department in order to meet the professional auditor, Mr. Bliss, who inspects the books and the monthly balance-sheets, and who, from his outside standpoint, could give me most satisfactory evidence of the management of army finances. Mr. Bliss smiled blandly at the question raised.



MAJOR A. T. SMITH, STAFF A.D.C.

"I can testify most emphatically," he answered, "to the absolute correctness of the books. They are kept on the double-entry system, just as in every mercantile house, and I personally examine them, verify the footings, and go over the vouchers for every cash expenditure. I can satisfy any one on that point, I think, and assure them that every cent of income is more than met by the running expenses of the army, and that any appropriation of money by individual officers would be impossible."

It is hard to understand, indeed, why such questions should ever arise, when one considers the enormous expenses incident to the handling and support of such an organization, and their more or less irregular sources of income, and notes, also, the absolute openness and publicity of the lives of the chief officers, whose habits of poverty and self-denial are as patent to the world as are those of any cloistered sisterhood. The army funds in the United States are drawn from but two sources—the trade department and the somewhat uncertain quantity of outside donations. Each corps appropriates for its own support the money collected at meetings, the weekly contributions of the soldiers—small sums which correspond to the envelope offerings of the church-system, but here designated as "cartridges," and the sale of the *War Cry* by its soldiers. Once in every year comes a "Self-denial Week," through which officers and soldiers and their friends or auxiliary helpers unite to cut off some indulgence of the flesh—car-fare, perhaps, or sugar in the needed cup of tea—and in the last year raised by this Lenten sacrifice some \$34,586.

The sums collected by all these means, either for the general army fund or the local branches, are large, but still larger is the outlay which the work of the army demands.

This is for rentals of headquarters, halls or barracks, training-schools, etc., the expenses of traveling, postal and telegraphic communication, the support of some sixteen hundred field-officers—one can hardly designate as "salaries" the small sums drawn by these men and women—the care of sick or temporarily disabled officers, rest-homes for those who need the change, and necessary assistance to the almost self-supporting "social branches"—the rescue homes, day nurseries, and food and shelter depots. For these, in the past year, \$6,904.58 has been paid out from headquarters. The salaries, as I have before stated, are, for the unmarried men, captains and lieutenants, seven and six dollars per week; for the unmarried women, six and five. The married officers receive ten dollars, together with officers' quarters—the payment of all these "salaries," however, being strictly contingent on the amount of the collections of the corps, and therefore pleasingly uncertain. When the weekly account is made up by the two corps officers there is first deducted the rent of their hall and their own rooms or quarters, with lights and fuel and food. When these debts are paid the allowance of five, six, or seven dollars may be drawn if the surplus moneys permit. If not, the officers must suffer, or apply to headquarters for help, which they rarely do, and then only in cases of absolute suffering, when expenditures for food and fuel have been cut down to meet the cost of rents. The staff-officers are paid according to rank and their needs, the average—varying according to the circumstances of the individual—being from twelve to fourteen dollars. The officers of the



IN THE SALES-ROOM, 111 READE STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

slum brigades draw but one dollar per week for necessary expenses of postage or car-fare, and are fed and clothed by contributions from headquarters or elsewhere; and I think that whoever will go down into the dark places and look in at their lives and homes will wish to be one of their helpers.



IN AND OUT OF THE SALES-ROOM.

One could find matter for a long chapter in the study of the financial department; but there are two more flights of stairs to climb, and on the third floor are the commander and Mrs. Booth in their tiny private offices, the chief-of-staff, and the commander's private secretary, Captain Hallimond. The field-officers department deals with the hard workers of the army. Here, in a great book, furnished with a lock and key, is kept a record and report of every field-officer in the service, whose character, actions, and daily discharge of duty are



CAPTAIN BLACKBURN.

thus kept under surveillance, and can be referred to at any moment. In the light of this knowledge are proposed all the appointments, exchanges, etc., subject only to the sanction of the commander. To the candidates department, close by, come the privates who desire to enter themselves as cadets. Ever since conversion each one has been under the oversight of his or her corps officers, and a strict report of

conduct and character kept by them. When the candidate has filled in and presented a form of application, and has been duly testified by two physicians to be sound in body—no unimportant qualification—the report of these officers is taken, and further inquiry made as to the applicant's home relations, his good standing with employers, etc. If these are satisfactory he is admitted to a preliminary course of trial work in his corps, and finally entered in the cadets' training-school, where the period of study and discipline varies according to the capacity of the student.

In the memorial department, close by, subscriptions are taken for the new headquarters. The auxiliary department, under Ensign Marshall and Lieutenant Newton, embraces all the sympathizers with army work outside of the ranks, whose yearly subscription of five dollars covers the cost and mailing of the magazines, notices, etc., with which they are provided, and whose work is mainly sewing for the slum missions, and sending flowers and other donations for the sick. Up still another flight is the office of the slum brigade—this most generally interesting of all the departments—and to it and to its head, Major Bown, I must give more time and space than this short paper will allow. Here are the editorial rooms, where the *War Cry* and the monthly *Conqueror* are prepared, and, fronting the street, is the little sanctum of Mrs. Booth's private secretary, Adjutant Vickery, the sweet-faced girl who, as one of them said to me, "just breathes through Mrs. Booth." Her desk, like all the others, has its little row of photographs, among which one never misses the commander and his wife in some form—"Such a beautiful couple!" says one of the officers in her pretty Scotch accent—and their boy Willie, with long curls and his mother's smile. Then comes a kitchen for occasional meals, hot water,



ENSIGN MARSHALL.

etc., a carpenter's shop. And the quarters of Staff-officer Smith, the oldest field-officer of the army, who burrows, so to speak, with his bed and tiny stove, in a little gas-lighted closet, whose window is against a brick wall, and out of which, as he proudly says, he has slept but two nights in five years. His work is the general supervision of the whole building, and the keeping of a fatherly eye upon all the workers, great and small. Up in the attic are the printers and compositors—the only non-Salvationists in the great building. Down in the cellar run the presses, and on a floor of the adjoining building is carried on the making of uniforms and trimming of army bonnets, and the taking of trade orders.

So the busy hive is peopled, and all the workers are working for love, and therefore joyfully and thoroughly.

"A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine."
G. A. DAVIS.

My Muse.

Thou fickle jade! I seek thee far and wide.
But still dost thou escape me; when I faint
Wouldst have thee near, I seek thee all in vain;
Oh tell me, gentle Muse, where dost thou hide?
Betimes I fancy thou art by my side;
I hear thee softly chanting a refrain,
But ah! the words elude my throbbing brain;
Oh goddess fair, why dost thou me deride?
Thy sweet companionship didst I not prize
Above all else? Ah! why art thou so shy?
Here naughty little Cupid standing by,
Looks up and says, with laughing, mocking eyes:
"Thy Muse ill brooks a rival near her throne.
The heart she loveth must be all her own!"
HENRY COYLE.

YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

By SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

ASAL GREY was arranging them in the vase on her writing-desk.
"I wish you had brought me some other flowers. Some way I do not like chrysanthemums," she said, slowly withdrawing a cluster of the finest to fasten at her corsage.

Melville Channing shrugged his shoulders slightly as he watched her movements. His dark eyebrows drew down, more dark and inscrutable.

"You are as sentimental as ever, Asal. What have you here?"

He turned to her desk with the question, though his eyes rested upon the flowers.

"Polishing up my poor little story," said she; "or, rather, trying to find in what light to set the rough points so that they may give out all the brilliancy they possess."

The eyebrows drew into a more decided frown. He pushed back the papers impatiently without further comment.

"Are the articles all written for the *Eagle*?" she asked, trying not to feel that she had noted the movement.

"Nearly," he answered briefly, drumming an absent tattoo on the desk with gaze still fixed upon her corsage bouquet.

Asal was used to her lover's moods, but they strangely disquieted her to-day. She made another attempt to break his taciturnity and gloom.

"You are not becoming discouraged?" she ventured, plucking nervously at the petals he seemed to find so fascinating.

"No," said he, shaking himself a little wearily; "but nowadays the man who is trying to push forward needs all the help he can get. You can hardly mount Fame's ladder without riches—that is—it is a terrible bore plodding as I have to."

"But you are going to mount, nevertheless, and compel fame and riches," said she, caressingly laying her hand on his arm. "You know I look for great things from you. If I could only help you."

"What would you do to help me, Asal?" He turned sharply upon her with the query and took her wrists in his hands.

"Anything," said she, fervently, returning with an ardent, steadfast look his gaze, which shifted and dropped as he dropped her hands.

"Remember that when I test you, Asal."

"I am ready for any test," said she. "Am I not most interested? I shall share your heights."

She raised her eyes to his with a blush and a smile. He saw neither as he turned abruptly to the vase.

"What did you say about the flowers?" he asked.

"That I did not like them," she answered bravely, though with a sudden pang. "Chrysanthemums—a soul left to desolation" is their language. Bring me roses next time, Melville."

He laughed as he took out his watch. "I do not know when I shall see you again. I have a pressing engagement to-night, and the down train goes in fifteen minutes. I have just time to take it. Good-bye, Asal, my girl."

She felt a hurried kiss upon her lips, a light pressure of his arm about her, and Melville Channing hastily left the house. Asal stood by the window with a swelling at the throat. She knew his abrupt ways so well, but it seemed as though he had never been so curt before—and three months had intervened between this and their last meeting.

But then, she argued, fighting down the lump as she proudly watched the tall, dignified figure swing rapidly down the street, he might miss the train, and there was that engagement. Perhaps, too, some of his last articles had not gone as readily. She suddenly regretted that she had not asked him to let her copy them off. She might have aided him thus in a pressure of work. She had done it before. She would not own to herself that a phrase had ever been turned more lightly in the process or that it were possible the added verve made the article go. She was too loyal. All she wished was fame for him—to satisfy his ambition. For Melville Channing was ambitious.

He had been so ever since she knew him. When he placed the poor little onyx engagement ring upon her finger she remembered that he had said he lived only to make a name and riches, and then it should be a diamond. But he had changed much in those two years of waiting. He was not a man of great warmth of nature. She cherished his words when he had

told her once that she had taught him how to love. She had learned to excuse the short letters and the lapse of many lover attentions because she thought he was fretted over his slow progress in the literary career he had marked out for himself. A man must not be weighted in any race by mere sentiment, she told herself now, quoting what he had often said as excuse for him. She would not be unreasonable; she would help him all that she could.

But neither argument nor excuse could relieve her of an unacknowledged heaviness of heart as Mrs. Saybrook's merry chimes rang out the tea hour. She stepped out into the hall as the outer door opened, and slowly descended the stairs.

"Good evening, Miss Grey. No letters to-night. Ah! So it's chrysanthemums this time?"

There was a tinge of something in the tone of the man laying aside his outer coat in the hall below as he greeted her, with his eyes upon her ornament—something that made her raise her head a little and reply spiritedly to Dr. Saybrook:

"Why not?"

"Why not?" he merely echoed, and passed on into the dining-room, while Asal gave an involuntary, impetuous pull at the stems, which loosened and fell to the floor as she entered behind him.

Dr. Saybrook watched her silently through the meal. When he left the table and stepped into the hall to don his overcoat his scowling glance fell on the crushed flowers on the floor.

"Confound him! Yellow chrysanthemums, indeed!" he muttered between his teeth, as he viciously wrenched himself into the garment and passed out to his office.

The days passed on. With Asal they dragged. She never glanced at the unwithered beauties on her desk without a growing sluggishness at heart. A week had passed and no letter from Melville Channing had made its appearance. Another and still another went by. He was sick or busy, she said, as she penned short messages that should comfort and not worry him in either case, and she turned to her desk for consolation. She had neglected her ambitions for him, but while she waited she now spurred on her own pen. She wrote incessantly.

Dr. Saybrook had heretofore grated his teeth when he handed her a letter. Now he grated them because he had no letter to hand. Six weeks passed, and one night he silently drew out a missive as she came down the stairway mutely expectant. She clutched it with a hasty "thank you," and fled back to her room.

It was so thin—the letter. She mentally marked it as she tore it open with shaking fingers. Her dazed eyes got no further than the top of the half-sheet. The words "my friend" seemed to sear her eyeballs.

The rest of the letter she read in gasps upon her knees before her bed—read it with half-numbed brain and a running prayer that God would help her bear it—help her keep her promise to help him, to bear the test that had come so soon; for he told her in cold words that she must have rightly interpreted his silence, that he found his love so lessened that duty to both demanded that he speak. He should devote himself to his work and race for fame untrammelled. She could help him best by freely giving him the liberty desired, and he would always be "her friend."

None but those who have been thus called upon to exchange the name of "lover" for "friend" can know the deeps Asal sounded in those hours.

They found her there—Mrs. Saybrook first, when she came to see why her favorite boarder was not at tea. Mrs. Saybrook, who knew of the girl's long and loyal waiting, and who shared her nephew's distrust of Asal's choice, slipped to the dining-room. Dr. Saybrook met her glance from the door-way and followed her with teeth firm set, to raise Asal and set to work to restore her to consciousness. But the tight-clasped letter revealed to his unseeking eyes that merciless "friend."

"Look after her, aunt, she is coming to," he said at last and turned from the inner room to set eyes upon the vase of flowers, still fresh and golden as the day Asal had placed them there.

"The villain! The dastard!"

The next moment the wet-stemmed beauties lay spluttering, quivering, and shriveling upon the red coals of the grate.

That was the end of it with Asal—the end of her dream, not the end of her agony. When she came back to health and strength—for

hearts are made too strong always to break, they can ache and endure—when she came back, under Mrs. Saybrook's care, it was a different Asal.

She thanked the friends who had watched her through the crisis of the fever and nursed her back to life, but they felt that after all there was little true thankfulness. Asal's love had been too deep, too genuine, too absorbing, however unworthy the object, to recover lightly from the rude jilting it had received. She had no interest in life.

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated Dr. Saybrook as he watched her. "I knew it when he came down here. He meant it then. His engagement then was with Alleen Pritchard. She is rich, and Melville Channing thinks to have her money to hoist him on toward fame. Their cards are out now. The contemptible cur! I wish I could have a part in it."

The suggestive movement of Dr. Saybrook's foot relieved his speech of any ambiguity, as to meaning.

"You must tell her to-night, aunt. I do not know what will be the result of this second piece of perfidy upon her."

Mrs. Saybrook told her as gently as possible when they were alone.

"Thank you," said Asal after a long silence, which Mrs. Saybrook appeared not to note as she busied herself about the room, and she kissed her as she flitted out to speak to the doctor as he stormed in at tea-time.

"She knows it. Look in upon her after tea." Dr. Saybrook stood a long time in the hall that night. The usually decisive man seemed woefully uncertain as he fingered nervously an envelope. At last he mounted the stairs to Asal's sitting-room.

His aunt's voice bade him enter, and he stepped across the threshold with an altered step and cheery tone.

"Miss Grey, will you let me begin upon your laurel wreath?"

"My laurel wreath?" she echoed, smiling back at him bravely.

"Yes. I have been taking liberties. Aunt found upon your desk, when you were ill, a manuscript already addressed. I forwarded it, and I come to bring you the first leaf."

He placed the envelope in her hands and watched with keen professional eye the utter lack of interest she exhibited as she opened it. She looked up finally with a weary air and held it out to him with the same indifference.

"I know the contents. It was sent to me as an inclosure. You see I, indeed, took liberties as I sent it thus. It had to come back once for luck, and as I had started it I felt bound to keep it going, so I received the first bugle-note, Miss Grey," he went on. "I am very proud to congratulate you. This is only a beginning."

She had not noticed. She had not thought of the matter since that day when the earth seemed to have slipped from beneath her feet. She sat now thinking as he poked in the grate, while Mrs. Saybrook flicked away some imaginary dust from the table.

"You are very kind," said she at last, turning over the letter with an absent air. "You are very kind," she repeated at the sound of her own voice, rousing herself to meet his look. "If I ever do win what the writer is kind enough to prophesy here for me I shall feel that I owe it to you."

"I want you to. I did it for that." Dr. Saybrook stopped to gulp down his conscience at this partial untruth, and Mrs. Saybrook slipped out at the door. "Miss Grey—Asal—I want to see you famous," he hurriedly continued, turning to her, poker in hand. "If you will only give me the right to help push forward I'll spend my days in your service."

He had not meant to say it now, and he stopped in confusion at sight of her hand tremblingly raised.

"Not now," he hastily apologized in explanation. "I did not mean now to ask the right—some day—only let me serve you now."

Asal's hand fell. She felt rather than heard that he did not touch her wound. He asked nothing only to serve her.

"Asal, you have genius," he continued. "Develop it. I shall be proud if you will let me be your friend and aid you as I may. Give your talent full sway, and let us see what it will bring you. Surely God gave it to you for use."

He paused a moment, and then began anew, though he hardly knew what he said. He only knew that as he spoke words urging her on to the highest use of her powers a change was taking place, and as she at last made him a reply he felt assured that he had not acted unwisely in bringing forward that letter at this time.

"I thank you, and will accept your friendship."

Asal could not say more. He had not asked more—not now—and she could not bring herself to refer to more by saying it could never be.

It was the best thing for her. She knew that

to have something to live for—something so empty as fame—was best as long as she must live. She faced him with a new light. He had given her a goal. It should be her aim to reach it. She would use whip and spur henceforth. The thought was to goad her on.

From that night Dr. Saybrook looked on to see her rise. He had no idea of forwarding her interests in any other than purely legitimate ways, but these he sought early and late. He had friends and he had money; he had money, and he worked hard in his profession for more—all that he might be baffled at no time when friends and money should make the success he knew she was able to win in the long run a too strenuous effort. He took every tide at its flood, and Asal only knew and felt at every step of her ascent that he was paving the way. When the book that was to give her the place she sought came out, she thanked him again, as she said she would, and told him she owed it all to him; and Dr. Saybrook pressed his lips together. He could not speak then.

Both worked on and both waited. She knew for what he waited, and felt it hopeless, for her own waiting filled her heart. She heard of Channing at times, but never of his fame. She wondered if he had heard of her, if he would know her or she him when they should meet—for some day she expected it. She did not look for it in vanity or triumph. There was no question that she would have given all up for the old love and his fame instead; to be simply at his side, shining only in the reflected light of his powers.

She checked herself there, always, but the old, dull ache would come back, and she waited—to meet him again some day—always nerving herself for that time.

Then Dr. Saybrook spoke. But she turned to him with the question that sealed his lips again:

"Must I lose my friend? You do not want a wife who does not feel her heart yours, who might turn pale at a voice, who would flush at a look from another. Dr. Saybrook, I am not sure of myself. I fear I can never be," she added, sadly. "I have not been tested."

And Dr. Saybrook waited for the test.

Indian Summer came again, and Asal found herself one of a party eastward bound. They were all now friends who had come to her in the new sphere she had entered—all except Mrs. Saybrook and the doctor, who had joined them for what Asal knew was for her a triumphal journey. With fame assured her she wore her honors lightly, without a trace of arrogance. Dr. Saybrook wished that she might be proud, if that unsatisfied look would only leave her eyes—the look that had never left her face since that night they had found her unconscious. He sighed as he muttered a malediction upon Melville Channing.

As the train flew on, the conversation drifted into literary channels. The question was raised as to the ability of a writer to wield a really able pen if of a heartless temperament.

A gentleman of Asal's party took the negative view and discussed it vigorously, contending hotly that, to interest the human heart, the writer must possess a heart intensely human.

"Let me illustrate," said he, returning from a trip to the platform at the last station and depositing in his wife's lap a basket of flowers. "The next station is L—. A man lives there who once gave promise of great things. He was ambitious for fame, and showed ability to achieve it. I am told he jilted the girl he loved and married for money—for what he thought would help him up. I know that his career stopped right there. All the dash went out of his work. Everything he touched his pen to lacked life and vigor. To-day he does nothing but penny-a-liner jobs. I tell you again I am convinced that successful writing demands a heart in the bosom of the writer. I am sure that Channing would have won a name had he not cultivated heartlessness."

"Miss Grey, let me share my riches with you. Mr. Allen is prodigal when he finds blossoms like these."

Asal had heard both voices as if in a dream. She took the flowers with a forced smile and a word of thanks, glancing up to meet Dr. Saybrook's eyes watching her from above his paper.

She began listlessly to arrange the gift, the tense feeling at heart mirrored on her lips. Was what she had waited for and dreaded about to come?

The train rolled slowly into L—. Asal turned to the window with a handful of blossoms. The car had stopped at a street crossing. Outside a couple awaited its passage. The man looked up. For an instant his eyes met Asal's. An awkward coupling jolted the train. The flowers dropped outside from her hand as she strove to steady herself.

"Melville! you will be under the wheels!" exclaimed a sharp, querulous voice as the man darted forward.

The coach was moving. He turned, fiercely impatient, from the owner of the voice to gaze up at the car window from which they fell—the blossoms he thrust within his breast with Asal's last glimpse of him.

She turned to face Dr. Saybrook. He had risen to offer her assistance. She met his look of pleading inquiry and knew he had seen all. But she smiled up into his face with a sigh of relief as she put out her hands, with a rising flush and a new light in the eyes which drooped shyly before his.

"I am sure, Dr. Saybrook," she murmured.

And Dr. Saybrook smiled in return as he led her tenderly to her chair to hear Mrs. Allen's condoling words:

"It was too bad, Miss Grey, that you lost all your lovely yellow chrysanthemums."

Notable Jews.—No. XXI.

Rev. H. Pereira Mendes.

WHEN the Jews were expelled from Spain and Portugal; when the men who had done more than their share toward building up that monarchy and establishing its glory were driven from hearth and home, from the places made sacred by the altars of their God and the graves of their ancestors, the Mendes family was of the exiles. Some members of the family went to Italy, settled in the town of Meldola, and were ever after known by the name of that place. Others went to Holland and some to England. All branches produced men who took high rank in the walks of learning, and some names on the family scroll are "crowned with the gloomy glory of martyrdom."

Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes comes from a family of rabbis. His father, the late Rev. A. P. Mendes, was the ecclesiastical head of the ancient Spanish and Portuguese congregation of London, England, and later of Newport, Rhode Island. Both his grandfather, the Rev. A. de Sola, and his uncle, the Rev. S. de Sola, were rabbis of the London congregation, and his great grandfather, the Rev. Dr. R. Meldola, was elected chief rabbi in 1806, in which position he was succeeded by his brother, David Meldola. In 1746 a branch of the family came to the New World, when some of the De Sola branch settled at Curaçoa. Dr. Mendes's immediate ancestors went to Aquitaine after the expulsion, remaining there for several generations, then went to Jamaica, West Indies, whence his father emigrated to England, where the subject of this sketch was born in 1852.

His bent of mind was early indicated by his first academic success, when he carried off the "Windle prize" of his class, given for Biblical knowledge. His educational course then took him through Northwick College, a celebrated Jewish institution in London, and to the University College, while his father and other competent rabbis superintended his Hebrew education.

In 1874 the Spanish and Portuguese congregation of Manchester elected him to their pulpit, and in 1877 he was called to this country as assistant to the late Rev. J. J. Lyons, of the venerable Spanish and Portuguese congregation of New York, and on the death of Dr. Lyons, a few months later, he became the congregation's rabbi, which position he still holds, beloved of his flock and esteemed by a large circle of non-Jews, to whom he has become known by his frequent and able contributions to the press.

Dr. Mendes represents those Jews who do not subscribe to the reform movement; in his synagogue the women do not sit with the men at worship; the Hebrew only is used in prayer, while unbending orthodoxy marks ceremony, chant, and ritual.

In 1884 Dr. Mendes took the degree of M.D. at the University of the City of New York. He married in 1890 a daughter of the house of Lopez Piza, a Spanish family whose vicissitudes since the expulsion of the Jews from Spain were similar to those of his own. A mendicant shot and dangerously wounded Dr. Mendes in 1892. His recovery was slow but complete, and he is as active as ever in his ministerial duties and as instructor in the seminary for the education of rabbis as well as in the literary

and charitable institutions with which he is connected. Of the Mendes family three others are ministers in this country—Rev. Dr. de Sola Mendes in New York City, Rev. Meldola de Sola in Montreal, and Rev. Isaac P. Mendes in Savannah, Georgia. ISIDOR LEWI.

The Rebel Brazilian Navy.

WE give elsewhere illustrations of some of the more formidable vessels of the rebel Brazilian fleet commanded by Admiral Mello, which has been engaged for some time in bombarding the city of Rio de Janeiro, and which represents practically the substantial strength of the revolt. This fleet consists of the *Guanabara*, *Aquidaban*, *Republica*, *Trajano*, and nineteen torpedo-boats. Of these the only formidable vessels are the flag-ship *Aquidaban* and the *Republica*. The former is a steel, copper-sheathed, turret-ship of 4,950 tons, 280 feet in length, and was built in England in 1885 at a cost of \$1,575,000. She has an eleven-inch composite armor belt. Her speed is fifteen knots. Her armament consists of four 9-inch 20-ton Armstrong guns, four 5-ton Armstrong guns, two rapid-fire guns, and five Fish torpedo-tubes. The steel unarmored cruiser *Republica* was built in England in 1892.



REV. DR. H. PEREIRA MENDES.

She is of 1,300 tons register, and 3,300 horse-power. Her speed is seventeen knots and her coal supply 170 tons. She is armed with six 4.7-inch rapid-fire guns, four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, six machine-guns, and two Fish torpedoes. These two vessels will be remembered by many of our readers as having represented Brazil in the naval parade at this port last spring.

The composite cruiser *Trajano* has an armament of seven 4.7-inch Armstrong rifles, and four machine-guns. Her displacement is 1,400 tons, and her length 210 feet. The wooden cruiser *Guanabara* is of 1,900 tons displacement, is 200 feet in length, and 3,000 horse-power. Her battery consists of nine 70-pounder Whitworth rifles and six machine-guns.

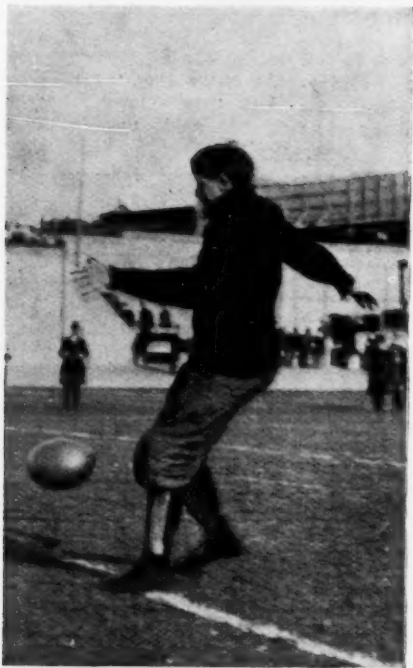
Of the torpedo-boats, all of which were built in England, eight are of the first class and eleven of the second class. They are regarded as formidable, and constitute an important part of the insurgent navy. In addition to these vessels the rebels have several transport steamers, but these cannot be regarded as fighting-ships.

The loyal fleet, including the purchases recently made in this country, consists of nine vessels, among which are the *Tirandentes*, a steel vessel, with heavy armament; the *Bahia*, an iron coast-defense turret-ship; the *El Cid*, the *Britannia*, the *Destroyer*, the *Foisen*, and a number of torpedo-boats. The work of fitting out the vessels purchased here is going actively forward, and is said to be closely watched by rebel agents.

It is stated that Admiral Mello has applied to the legations at Rio de Janeiro asking recognition of his rights as a belligerent. It is not likely that this request will be granted. Three United States cruisers are now at Rio. Four of the magazines of the rebel fleet have recently been blown up, and the firing from the shore forts is said to have done serious damage to some of the vessels. On the other hand, the bombardment of the city has caused considerable loss of life and property.



BEARD STOPPING A GROUNDER.



BUTTERWORTH PUNTING.



BUTTERWORTH ABOUT TO DIVE WITH BALL.



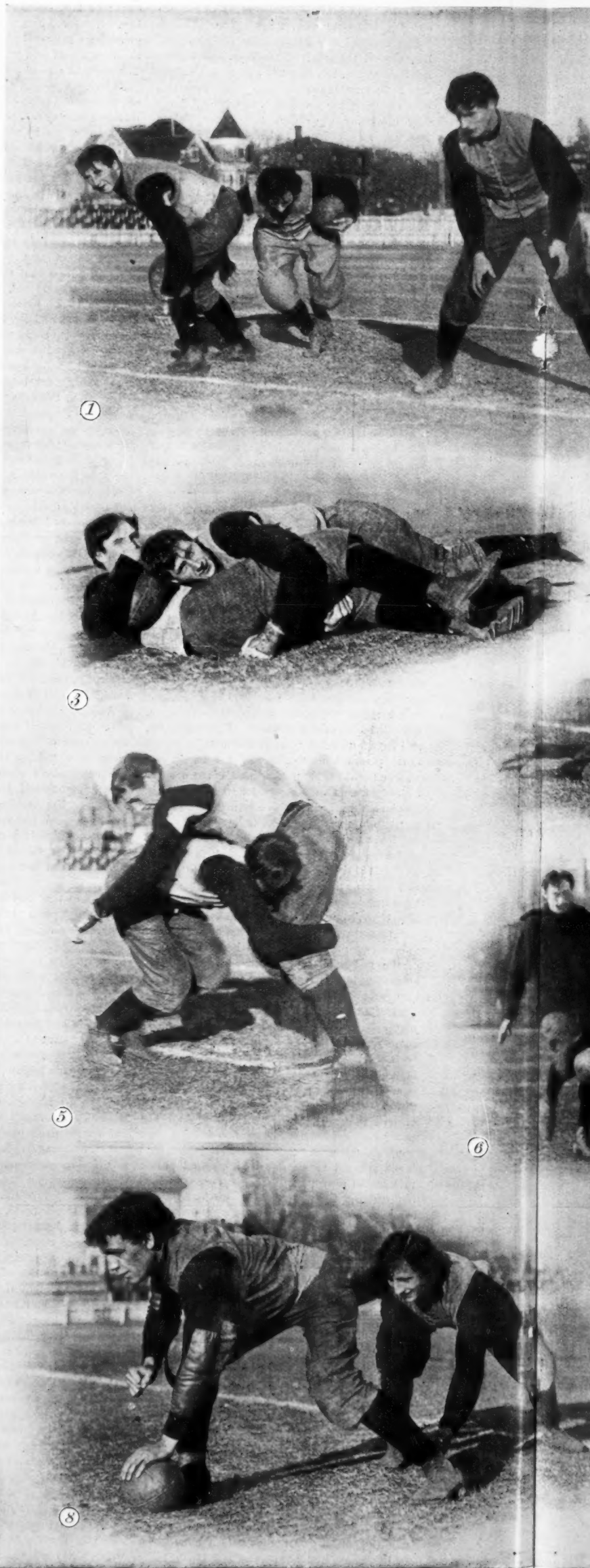
HINKEY FALLING ON BALL.



THORNE CATCHING A PASS. CAPTAINS HINKEY AND MACKIE, REFEREE AND UMPIRE, TALKING OVER THE RULES.

1. ACTON AND EMMONS MAKING HOLE FOR NEWELL TO GO THROUGH. 2. BREWER CATCHING A PASS FOR PUNT. 3. ACTON PRACTICING TACKLING ON EMMONS. 4. FULL-BACK BREWER KICKING

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP—INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE YALE AND HARVARD TEAMS





2

4

7

9



THE YALE ELEVEN FALLING ON THE FIELD AFTER THE BALL.



STILLMAN SNAPPING BACK TO MORRIS.



STILLMAN AND MCCREA FALLING ON BALL.



MORRIS PASSING BALL TO BUTTERWORTH FOR A KICK.



BUTTERWORTH RECEIVING THE BALL.

K BREWER KICKING A GOAL. 5. A SURE TACKLE BY CAPTAIN WATERS. 6. HOAG PUNTING. 7. GONTERMAN'S SURE CATCH. 8. LEWIS ABOUT TO SNAP BACK. 9. A DROP-KICK BY BREWER.
HARVARD TEAMS, WHICH MEET AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER 25TH.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 336.]

THE FREEBOOTERS OF GRAVESEND.

A LITTLE while ago there was printed in this paper an article on boss-rule in Brooklyn. This was a careful review of the local political situation in the large community that is separated from the metropolis by the East River. It was also a plea that the honest voters in Brooklyn would stand together and put an end to the disgraceful ring-rule and the era of public plunder. The good and honest people did get together, and for some time before the election was held it was apparent to even the ringsters themselves that they had a very severe fight on their hands. Feeling uncertain that they could win in anything like a fair fight, they prepared to cheat the people out of their own by fraud, and the registration was palpably false in very many instances. Now the town of Gravesend is not a part of the city of Brooklyn, but it is in the same county, and boss-rule has for years been even more merciless in the outlying town than in the city. The county officers—the district attorney and the sheriff—are powerful within both city and town to preserve the peace and to bring offenders against the law to justice. The men now holding these offices are the joint creatures of McLaughlin, boss of Brooklyn, and John Y. McKane, boss of Gravesend. When it seemed possible that the good people of the county might outvote the bosses and freebooters these two men did all they could to prevent it. Let us look at what McKane and his minions did in his Gravesend principality.

Gravesend is just south of Brooklyn, and included in it are Coney Island, Gravesend Beach, and the villages of Sheepshead, King's Highway, and Gravesend. What Coney Island is in summer time no one needs to be told. The population in the winter time consists of care-takers and the keepers of the low dives that contribute so effectually to make the resort disreputable. Within the town are three race-tracks, and the usual quality of stable hangers-on live at these all the year round. The villages are poor places, and of little consequence socially or industrially. The population of the town by the State census of 1890 was 8,400. The natural vote with such a population would be about 1,600. The good people of the county were astounded at the magnitude of the fraud that McKane proposed to perpetrate when they learned that 6,200 voters had registered in Gravesend. Mr. W. J. Gaynor, of Brooklyn, the man who has fought the bosses in the courts and before the people, and always with success, was a candidate of the allied Republicans and independents for justice of the Supreme Court. He sent, as he had a right to do as a candidate, a corps of clerks to Gravesend to copy the registration lists. When these clerks arrived in Gravesend they were set upon by henchmen of McKane, and after being beaten they were arrested on the false charges of drunkenness and vagrancy. McKane, it should be explained, is the chief of police of Gravesend, and he has quite a large force of men under his official command, as his men not only police the villages and race-tracks, but Coney Island as well. Of this force he is the absolute ruler. Politically he is also absolute in the whole town, not more than one man in twenty daring to vote against his dictation. It may be interesting to note that McKane, besides being an official and political despot and a personal bully, is a class-leader in the Methodist Church, and the superintendent of the Sunday School. The various capacities make him what his admirers and followers call an "all-round kind of man." This sporting expression recalls the fact that he is also a patron of the prize-fights and the owner of a hall in which prize-fights take place.

Mr. Gaynor, being balked of his purpose of getting copies of the registration lists, secured from Judge Cullen of the Supreme Court an order compelling the inspectors of elections to produce them. These inspectors, being apprised of the order, avoided service by going into concealment and by fleeing the State. Election day, therefore, arrived and no opportunity had been afforded to examine these lists, on which were names of 6,200 persons—presumably qualified voters—out of a population of 8,400. Mr. Gaynor did not mean that all these names should be voted without a protest, and he therefore secured the appointment by the chairman of the Republican county committee of twelve watchers who should look after his interests at the polling places in Gravesend. Fearing that these watchers would be interfered with, he obtained from Judge Barnard of the Supreme Court an injunction directed to

McKane, the police, election officers, and people of Gravesend, restraining them from interfering with these watchers in any way. Thus doubly armed with the authority of their party and the authority of the Supreme Court, the twelve gentlemen, led by Colonel Alexander S. Bacon, a graduate of West Point and ex-officer of the regular army, drove to Gravesend. There they were met by McKane—the chief of police, the political boss, the prize-ring bully, the religious exhorter, the Sunday-school superintendent. McKane told Colonel Bacon, who arrived half an hour before the polls were opened, that he had been waiting for him. Then he warned Colonel Bacon off, telling him he would not be permitted to stay in Gravesend. "But I have an injunction from Judge Barnard of the Supreme Court," said Colonel Bacon. "I don't care a d— for the Supreme Court or for Judge Barnard. Injunctions don't go here," the lawless freebooter answered. "I'll not take your papers," he continued, putting his hands behind him, as Colonel Bacon held out the process of the Supreme Court. "You'll have to," said the colonel. These words of defiance were only half uttered, when McKane turned to his police and ordered, "Hustle this man away."

This command was obeyed with cheerful haste. Colonel Bacon was pushed and shoved and at least twice he was knocked down. He was bruised and soiled. Then he was arrested for disorderly conduct, put into a wagon and driven to the station-house at Coney Island, where he was locked in a cell. The companions of Colonel Bacon were treated very much in the same fashion, though one of them, a former resident of Gravesend, was handled much more roughly. Those of the watchers not arrested hurried to Brooklyn and reported what had been done. By order of the Supreme Court, Colonel Bacon and his associates were released.

During election day there was no further attempt to interfere with McKane, who had a strong guard around the polling-places and permitted no person to enter except that person was satisfactory to him. Something like 3,500 votes were cast, Mr. Gaynor receiving only 105. The bar-rooms were all in full blast, though the law requires that they shall be closed while the polls are open. Drunkenness of the Coney Island order was pretty general before the day was half over. McKane does not drink himself, but he does not object to drunkenness in his adherents. His own sobriety enables him to be always the master.

The action of McKane caused the greatest indignation in Brooklyn and Kings County, and there were quick and loud demands for his punishment for contempt of court and for his palpable offenses against the election laws. The person whose duty it is to institute proceedings against McKane is Ridgway, district attorney. This is the same officer who prevented a grand jury from indicting Mayor Boody of Brooklyn. The good people expect nothing whatever from him and therefore they have formed an organization which is receiving a fund to defray the expenses of prosecuting McKane and all others who have offended against the election laws and the dignity of the courts.

Mr. Gaynor was elected to the Bench of the Supreme Court by 30,000 votes. This makes it impossible for him to appear personally as McKane's prosecutor. He has written a very straightforward letter to Governor Flower, stating in plain and concise form the acts for which McKane should be punished. He has asked Governor Flower to appoint special prosecuting officers to take charge of the cases, because the present district attorney is in sympathy with the law-breakers. He closes his letter by announcing that rather than not have these offenders brought to justice he will resign the office to which he has been elected and attend to the matter himself. It is a high honor to be a judge of the Supreme Court of New York, but to be the champion of the people's rights and the defender of the law is a greater honor still. No one doubts how Mr. Gaynor will act if Governor Flower falters in this crisis.

Meantime, McKane, not appreciating the gravity of his crimes, affects good-humored scorn of the good people and of the law, and, with a congenial gang of co-conspirators, has gone off to Virginia to fish and shoot and celebrate himself and his own precious achievements. But all the same bossism is doomed and the outrages upon the suffrage will no longer be perpetrated with impunity.

PHILIP POINDESTER.

The Harvard-Yale Foot-ball Game.

Two of the most important foot-ball games of the season have been decided, but the two most interesting are to come. The most noteworthy of the two, from one point of view, will be that on the 25th inst., between Harvard and Yale, the universities which claim supremacy in college athletics, although the annual duel on the field between Yale and Princeton has perhaps obtained as much public favor. The struggle between the Crimson and the Blue, fortunately for the good folk of Springfield, will be held on Hampden Park, and many thousands of enthusiasts are annually accustomed to journey hundreds of miles so that they may witness this battle of muscle and skill.

On the 11th inst., when Yale defeated the University of Pennsylvania by 14 to 6, the Harvard sympathizers became jubilant when they discovered a weakness in Yale's defense play which they argued promised victory for the Cambridge team. Yale men were not encouraged, for they expected their team to score more points against the Pennsylvanians, and so no time was lost in summoning old graduate players to New Haven in order that they might by instruction add strength to the eleven.

Nothing will be left undone by either college, and the coaches up to the day of the game will impress on the candidates their unworthiness, and then on the day itself each eleven will be sent forth with assurances that they cannot lose; that they are the best players in the world, and that nothing will do but to "shut the other fellows out," or, in other words, to beat them so badly that they cannot score. Never before have these games been followed with so much general interest, and foot-ball bids fair to surpass all other games of skill in popularity among the athletic clubs of the country, as it has with the colleges.

Since the 11th the coaches of Yale and Harvard have been drawing many conclusions from the recent games. They have one hope in common, and it is that the weather will not be a repetition of that which prevailed on November 3d. True, Springfield affords a fine field, but to have a perfect game the day must be clear. If it is a windy day the game will be a great one from a kicking standpoint.

Harvard's interference, in preliminary practice, has been considered superior to that of Yale. Yale's interference against the Pennsylvanians was poor, particularly in the first half. In this respect Harvard's playing is considered to be superior to that of previous years, and it has been backed up in every game by a convincing display of confidence. Harvard is fast, and can be depended on when called upon for exceptionally hard work. In line work Harvard's advantage can be compared with the superiority Princeton demonstrated over Pennsylvania.

Stillman of Yale and Lewis of Harvard, as rival centres, have improved much since the season opened. Of the two, Lewis is the faster. Stillman is an easy-going giant of 206 pounds. As a tackle and for interference Lewis is the quickest, but Yale men expect Stillman to hold down his position in good form, although not a few have considered Beard a better man for the place.

McCrea and Hickok are Yale's guards to be sent against Mackie and Acton of Harvard. They are all strong players. Mackie and Acton have improved more than the Yale men, although it is difficult to discover many points of superiority. The Yale men are each nineteen years of age, and their youth is extreme for such difficult work. Hickok is sufficiently clever to give Acton plenty of work, while Mackie's form is somewhat superior to McCrea's.

Murphy, the Yale right tackle, is handicapped by Newell of Harvard in the matter of experience. They are both progressive and have speed. Murphy's exceedingly rapid development as a player has been remarkable. Newell as the Crimson's best tackle has been showing great form. His strength is unusual, and he is as quick as a man can be; then, too, he is a lucky player and, notwithstanding his disposition to take a running dive in the air six feet or more when tackling a man, he never seems to get seriously injured. He is not the man Yale fancies for an opponent, but in Murphy the Blue has a good man who is expected to block Newell's game. Beard and Manahan are about on even terms.

Hinke and Greenway have Emmons and Stevenson, and while Harvard here has the advantage of bone and sinew, Yale's men have had the experience, and, it is thought, the ability to play the better game.

At quarter-back Yale, in Morris, has a steady, reliable player. He will have greater experience than Fairchild, who is one of several men

having played the position in practice. They are accurate men but not so quick as their friends would like to see them.

Waters behind the line has an advantage in weight, but he also has a troublesome knee. In Brewer he has a fast and sure player, while in Clarke, Wrightington, Gonterman, and Corbett there are four rivals for the third place. Armstrong, Thorne, and Butterworth make Yale's stronghold behind the line. They are capable men and equal the triangle of last year.

Full-backs Butterworth and Brewer have been playing the games of their lives. Butterworth's play on the 11th was the strongest feature of Yale's game. Both men are strong runners and clever at interference. Armstrong is one of the best runners Yale ever had, while Thorne's running and catching have been of a high order.

On the line Harvard appears to have the best men, and, therefore, the Crimson, with Brewer having a good chance and her coaches, having some new moves, promise to give Yale a hard game to beat.

S. ARMSTRONG NELSON.

Men and Women.

"THE proper study of mankind is man." The little humpback's epigram never found more interesting application than at the great fair that, during the past five months, drew its throngs of sightseers from the corners of the earth. The student of human nature found no dearth of material in the scores of thousands who daily clicked their way through the turnstiles, wandered through the buildings, glided over the waterways, or swarmed their banks. The bizarre and the commonplace, with every intermediate grade, were encountered, and to each was attached an interest of its own.

It may be a group of Celestials, dignitaries, with long silken queues, gay tunics, and clumsy shoes, a stolid amazement written on their faces; perhaps it is a bunch of German officers, broad-shouldered, gallant young fellows, refreshing memories of the fatherland in the amber depths of Hofbrau and of Spatenbrau; or it may be a pair of Englishmen with ill-fitting clothes, broad a's, and an occasionally missing h. But the foreigner was a *rara avis*, more decidedly so than one would expect at a world's exposition of such huge proportions. They were overwhelmed, swallowed up, obliterated by that mass of American citizens who have celebrated their own discovery, and honored their own achievements. Even then the throng was an international one in antecedents, if not in residence. Under no circumstances have our conglomerate constituents manifested themselves so emphatically. From the occasional aboriginal Indian, wandered from his wigwam on the Midway, to the latest importation from sunny Italy, whose pick and shovel are resting for the day, every nationality that has loaned itself to our composition is apparent in our throngs.

The international character of our make-up was not, however, more variously presented than were the different elements of our social structure. Wealth and poverty, refinement and vulgarity, were side by side. Stroll into the Court of Honor on any afternoon when there is music. The plaza in front of the Administration building is black with people—composite America is here. On our left sit a group of well-groomed New-Yorkers, an elderly lady, refinement in every wave of the silver hair, in every line of the high-bred face, her son and two daughters, well put up, with that indescribable air of distinction in garb and poise and manner. The bench next them holds three men in pronounced costumes, high white hats a-tilt, and prodigious cigars, which leave room for only fragments of political intrigue and gossip to reach us. On our right are a pair of unmistakable New England school-ma'ams; in front a half-dozen German mechanics who have come for the music and for nothing else, while in singular contrast, at their elbows, sit a bunch of *nouveau riche* with gossip of dress and dinner, of purchase and parade. And so America dons the motley, and sometimes plays the fool, while the eye wanders through the mist sprays of the McMonnies fountain to the sun-glinted head of the Republic, the superb court, walled with the massive structures, lightened by springing arch, graceful columns and symbolic statues, and festive with multicolored flags and gonfalons from every point and pinnacle.

If, after the concert, we dine at the Casino, we shall encounter wealth and fashion; or if we seat ourselves in the shade of the Transportation building, we can eat our sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs with the men, women, and children whose pleasures are circumscribed by a rigid economy. Here young Cressus lolls in the luxury of a noiselessly gliding chair; there a little woman, rumped and bedraggled, eyes strained by care, hands seamed by toil, wearily

shoulders twenty pounds of infancy, her steps impeded by the clutch of a toddling two-year-old at her skirts.

We were sitting comfortably in the broad arcade of the German café, idly watching the play of light and shade on the buildings and the drifting throngs of humanity on land and lagoon. Three angular, sharp-voiced, and dowdily-dressed women plumped down emphatically in uncomfortable contiguity. They fought a jocularly vulgar battle with each other for the privilege of entertainment; they haggled with the *kelner* over the astounding price of their lemonade; they commented, with more discrimination than politeness, on their neighbors; and finally, one of them pointed at my *seidel* of dark-hued Münchener, and stridently demanded: "What is that black stuff this man has in his bottle?" We fled precipitately to the innermost recesses of the Art building, where one could always find lingering discriminatingly before the masterpieces, some of the finest exponents of American culture; and in their soothing vicinity we could recover from the douche of vulgarity.

Within the buildings, crowded with bewildering masses of the products of civilization, the most interesting exhibit were the people who had come to gaze. Poor little Miss Conscientiousness, unhappy unless she follows every number of her catalogue, ready to drop with weariness, yet spurred to action if a chance remark indicates the omission of a detail. She came to Chicago to see the fair, and no one later shall harrow her soul by a familiar reference to an unnoticed article. If Jack Golightly would borrow a bit of her carefulness, he would know more of the Columbian Exposition. There he goes, swinging along through the building to avoid the sun, en route for the Midway and his favorite table in the corner of the court at Old Vienna. Here is Mrs. Price-Hunter, charming woman, but worried to death lest she is wasting her admiration on some other than the six-hundred-dollar table of carved teak, or has raised her lorgnette before the wrong vases,—she is looking for that forty-thousand-dollar pair. And here are the Strollers, fortunately a large family, glancing here and there, and pausing where inclination most presses. They will overlook much, in the future they can linger in distinct reminiscence of definite delights.

There was but one situation at the Fair when this multifarious human nature was awed to a common hush. As we leave the dusky borders of the lagoon, the great buildings in white silence, a sprinkle of lights showing their shadowy forms, we push into the glorious brilliancy of the illuminated court. Every cornice, arch, and gable, outlined with incandescents, finds its culmination in the superb dome of the Administration building, aflame with flaming flambeaux, and jeweled to its very crown with a thousand points of light. Another line, at the Basin's edge, turns the water into molten gold for the lazy gondolas, the nervous little launches with their red and green eyes, while rising in low whirls or shooting geyser-like in cones of spray, the fountains revel in swiftly changing hues, delicate blues and greens, soft amber, and then the flaming crimson or the gleaming white.

Beauty, beyond the reaches of the imagination, hushes the gazing throngs. It is the hour of romance, a fairy-land for lovers; and they are here. With sentiment ennobled beyond the touch of passion, hand seeks hand and arms encircle. The rude flash-light sweeps its tell-tale glare upon the scene—no matter. Self-consciousness is lost in the idealism of romance. Trained voices float, in perfect harmony, across the water, but sweeter music sounds in the hearts of Corydon and Amaryllis.

GEORGE E. ELIOT.

Our Foreign Pictures.

EVENTS IN BRAZIL.

We give elsewhere pictures of the bay of Rio de Janeiro and portraits of President Peixoto and Admiral Mello. It is an interesting fact that the former owes his nomination to the presidency to the latter. After a brilliant career at the naval schools and in charge of different foreign missions, Custadio Jose de Mello assumed a most important rôle in the state councils of Brazil. On the occasion of the *coup d'état*, attempted in November, 1891, by Deodoro de Fonseca, it was Mello who controlled the insurrection and re-established order. In gratitude for this service supreme power was offered to him. This, however, he declined in favor of Floriano Peixoto, who in turn named Mello Minister of Marine. Later on Mello rebelled, and after several scenes of violence retired to Rio Grande do Sul, the hot-bed of the former revolution. There, on board the cruiser *Aquidaban*, he rallied about him a fleet and descended upon the capital of Brazil, sailing his fleet into the

very roadstead of Rio, justly known as one of the finest ports of the world.

STRIKES IN THE COAL-FIELDS.

Never has the horrible spectacle of moral debasement and depravity consequent upon a strike, however justified, been more vividly depicted than in the recent strikes in the coal-fields of France. The animosity of the strikers has known no bounds, and even the semblance of order has only been retained at the point of the bayonet. Gangs of men have been put at forced labor to make the necessary repairs to prevent explosions, or the flooding of the mines. They are kept at work by soldiers with drawn swords, and are escorted to and from the scene of their labors by a strong guard to protect them from the raids of their fellow-strikers, who attack them regardless of the fact that they are prisoners at forced labor, and not free agents. These difficulties are fortunately drawing to a close, and an end of the daily scenes of violence and brutality which have marked a long and bitter struggle may soon be hoped for.

THE WAR IN MATABELELAND.

The latest reports from Matabeleland show that the English expedition has practically conquered the rebellious Lobengula, and the submission of all his forces cannot be much longer postponed. Our picture from the London *Graphic* illustrates the Matabele method of declaring war. On such occasions the king marches out into the open plain in front of his forces, and then, hurling his assegai in the direction of the enemy's country, his young soldiers follow, stabbing the ground in like manner, to signify that wherever he leads them they will go.

Indian Summer in the Adirondacks.

THERE is no better time to go into the Adirondacks than when the delightful glow of Indian Summer hangs over the hills and tree-tops; when the woods are robed in all the glory of autumnal foliage and warm colors; when the law is off and guides are eager and willing to show the sportsmen the favored haunts of deer, of wild game, and of birds. Each season, aye, each month, has its own peculiar charm. October and November have many attractions; in truth, this is pre-eminently the season for enjoying the Adirondacks.

Thousands of people who spend the summer in the great forest are obliged to leave it just as the pageant of autumn begins. But there are many others who always wait until October, and even November, before they go into the woods. Some of these are in search of health and strength, and some are looking for recreation and sport. The Adirondacks have become the people's vacation grounds, and there have been more tourists there this fall than in many years.

The gunning season is here, and an army of sportsmen are out these sunny November days, when partridges rise with a hum-m unexpectedly out from a pile of leaves; when the wary, suspicious buck, with branching antlers, comes down at night to drink the cool waters. The open season for quail begins November 1st, and up to December 1st the hunter can take all the deer he is sharp-sighted enough to see and shoot. But he must not murder the fawn in spotted coat, nor is he allowed to set traps, spring-guns, or use other devices of the "pot hunter."

The new Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railroad will have the effect of changing the whole character of the region. For one thing, it has made the wilderness accessible. A vast hunting and tramping ground has been brought to our doors. Already the changes wrought by the new railroad are noticeable. Several sections of the North Woods that were once known and frequented only by guides and sportsmen, this season have been visited by scores of pleasure-seekers and tourists.

Few spots there are in the Adirondacks more attractive in every way than the "John Brown tract," entrance to which was once made with difficulty. This tract on the west side of the Adirondacks has long been the stamping-ground of the camper-out and the sportsman, because it was sparsely settled, and because it was the favorite haunt of wild game of many kinds. The principal point of entry from the outside world was by the Fulton chain of lakes, eight in number, which extend southwestward into the tract. These waters and wooded banks form as fine fishing and hunting-grounds as the most enthusiastic sportsman can desire.

The first three lakes of the chain are small, closely connected, and easily passed by. There is some fine scenery at the Third lake. Foremost and prominent is Bald Mountain, which deserves its name. It has only bare, smooth rocks for its dome. From the lake there is

presented a solid, steep wall of rock about a mile long. After leaving the Fourth Lake, the largest of the chain, you push on to the Eighth Lake, the gem of the chain. You are now away from the sights and sounds of civilization; you are surrounded by dense forests which have never been cut or cleared by the woodman's axe.

In this region, at the opening of the gunning season, we pitched our tents. What a place to see and spend Indian Summer! A riotous scene of color—red and brown of all shades, orange and yellow of many tints, intermingled with the green of pine and fir—how they all combine to delight the lover of the beautiful. The Adirondack woods arrayed in all the glory of autumn drapery is a sight worth going a thousand miles to see, and when seen, worth telling about. What painter can rival the rich tints that Nature takes from her paint-pot and lays on with a lavish brush? What pen can describe the indescribable beauty of this season?

No wonder the poets all love to sing about the Indian Summer. When it comes, we all talk about it, and we all know this second bit of summer by the glow and haze on the hills, by the stillness of the air, and the warmth of the weather. And yet, not one person in a hundred knows what the season means, or what brings it. Those who study the "signs" and keep their "weather eye" open can predict the coming of Indian Summer almost invariably.

Oddly enough, Indian Summer, with its warm days, comes right after a very cold snap. First come the cold days and frosty nights, and the heavens change to deep blue, and soon they assume a threatening aspect. Then follows a heavy snow-storm. After the storm the sun comes streaming through the woods. Now the birds begin to whistle merrily as if the young spring was again with us and with them. And what a change in the weather! The cold, blue days and biting winds give way to sunny days and soft winds. There is a kind of subdued hush in the woods, and loud noises and boisterous storms seem out of place. We see the dreamy haze resting on the hills; we feel the warm touch of the golden sunshine, and we say, "This is Indian Summer."

As we tramp through the woods we breathe in to the full extent of our lungs the fresh, crisp air, which acts like a tonic. There is a pervading odor everywhere, and the nostrils are tickled with the pungent perfume of pine and balsam. There is no question as to the healing and healthful influence of pine forests. The atmosphere of the evergreen-trees in the Adirondacks is laden with purifying and life-giving qualities. It has a curative effect on persons suffering from lung troubles. According to the doctors, this mountain air, impregnated with the emanations of evergreen forests, is an antiseptic, and acts also as a tonic to the lungs. The antiseptic element is the result of the atmospheric oxidation of turpentine.

Thus the Adirondacks give pleasure not only to the crowds of tourists who find exercise and recreation in camping out, or in tramping through the woods, but the evergreen forests are the sources of health and strength for many invalids, all of whom find the breath of life in the mountain air. Happily this sanitarium will be jealously guarded for years to come. It is now set aside as a State park. Last winter, in response to the demands of public-spirited citizens, physicians, tourists, and sportsmen, the Legislature passed a bill designed to preserve the Adirondacks from the greed of lumbermen and land-grabbers.

The season for cutting and handling logs in the Adirondacks is now at hand. Next month ten thousand men will be engaged in lumbering in this region. At present the choppers are felling trees and cutting them into standard lengths, i.e., thirteen feet. The logs are "skidded" or dragged over the ground to a place where they can be loaded on bob-sleds when the snow is on the ground. The lumbermen live in log-huts or shanties, and those who think they are "roughing it" in July and August when camping under canvas tents and living off the fat of the land and water, should try a week's board in a logging camp.

The lumbering operations are confined principally to that portion of the wilderness which drains into the Hudson River, and about one-third of the logs are made into white paper. The voracious pulp-mills are eating up spruce logs at the rate of 175,000 a year.

L. J. VANCE.

FACE STUDIES
BY STILETTO

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

Two characteristics are very prominently suggested in this face. One, a ready, rapid, and

clear-headed intellectuality; the other, obstinacy of idea. The high, prominent forehead is indicative of a mind which is spontaneous, rapid, and clear. The eyebrows show continuity of purpose, the nose a pronounced individuality, the long upper lip patient tenacity, and the firm-set lips obstinacy and determination. The eyes are full of thought, there is in their depths a shade of defiance, of relentlessness—a cold and steely glitter. His is a nature of great force, of some brilliancy, and great fearlessness. His self-control is absolute, his temperament, although warm, is entirely dominated. What



REV. DR. PARKHURST.

he lacks is breadth, nor does he possess that quality commonly called long-headed, but which might be more correctly termed broad-headed. He is impulsive, will act spontaneously, obeying the promptings of a rapid brain, fearlessly regardless of cost. He is difficult to influence, but has a touch of magnetic influence over others which is born of his strong nature, pronounced individuality, and intense faith in his own convictions.

The King of Brewers.

The Anheuser-Busch Beer Receives the Highest Award by the Columbian Jury.

No jury, perhaps, had a more difficult task than the one which had to sit in judgment over the hundreds of excellent brands of beer manufactured in this and foreign countries, hence it

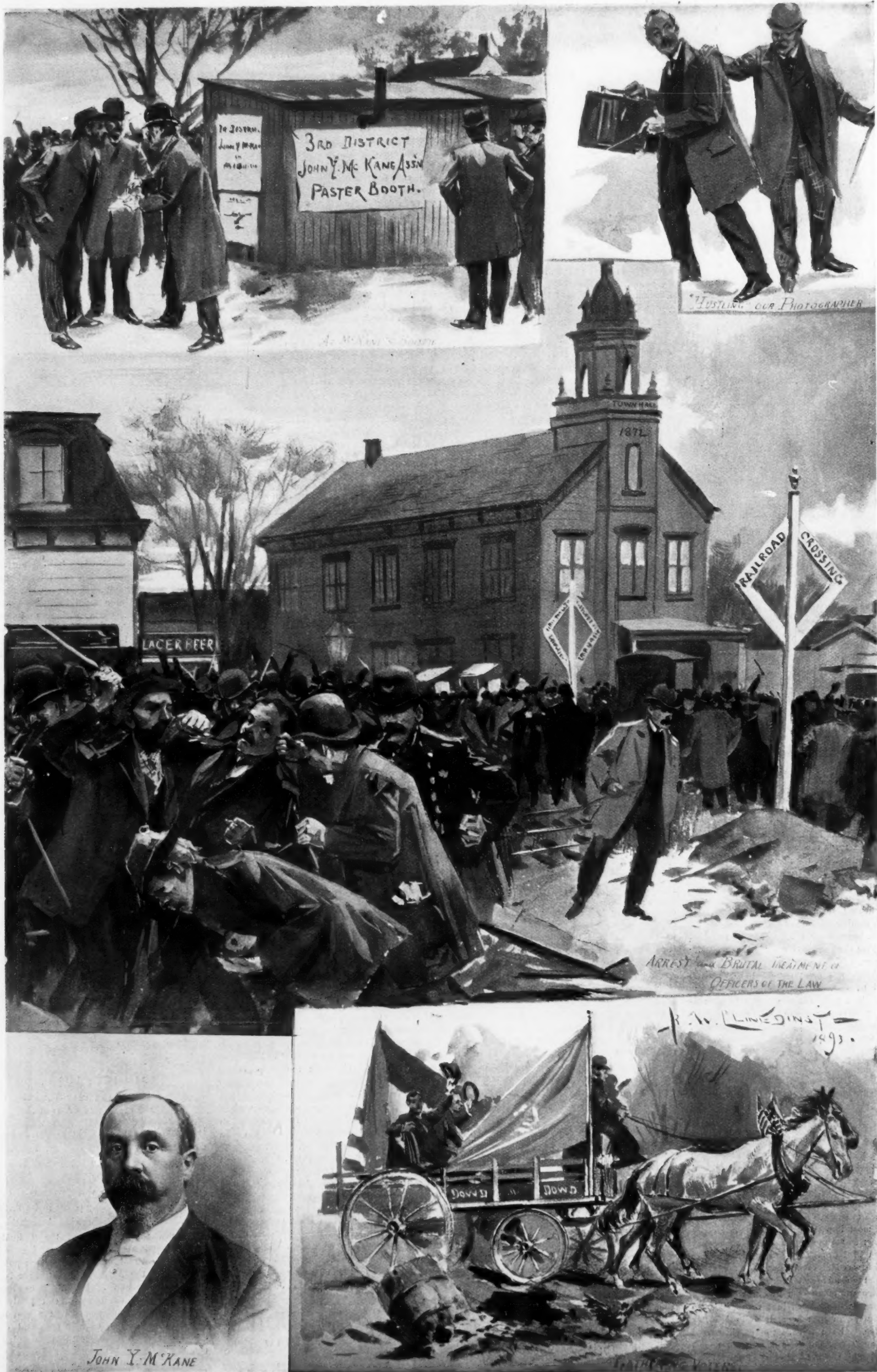


ADOLPHUS BUSCH,

PRESIDENT OF THE ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION IN ST. LOUIS.

is so much more gratifying to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association of St. Louis, that the jury has awarded to the beer of this firm the highest diploma, and that no other concern has gained for the various essential qualities of good beer so many points in its favor as the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, of St. Louis. This verdict of the Columbian jury, consisting of connoisseurs and chemists of the highest rank, has sustained the popular opinion that the Anheuser-Busch Beer is the best in this country. Mr. Adolphus Busch, the president of the concern, can justly feel proud over this result, gained by the best business methods, which exclude corn and other adulterants and use the finest material only that can be procured in this country and Europe.

The coat-of-arms of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association shows the American eagle. The eagle has taken the highest flight with the first prize in its beak.



THE CLIMAX OF BOSSISM IN POLITICS.

SCENES ON ELECTION DAY IN GRAVESEND, LONG ISLAND—THE ASSAULT OF MCKANE'S DESPERADOES UPON CITIZENS AND OFFICERS OF THE LAW.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK PEARSALE AND SKETCHES BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 336.]



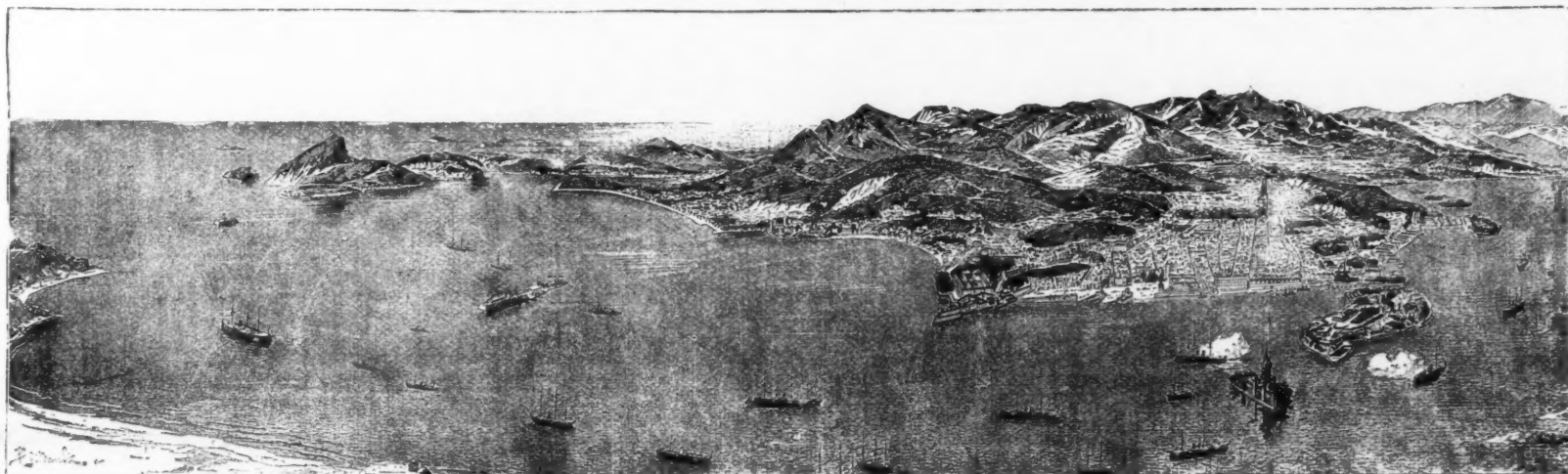
ADMIRAL DE MELLO.



STRIKES IN THE COAL-FIELDS AT FOUQUIERES-LES-LENS, FRANCE.—DISPERSING A REUNION.



PRESIDENT FLORIANO PEIXOTO.



Fort de Santa-Cruz.

Fort de Laage.

Fort de San-Jao.

Fort de Villegagnon.

THE INSURRECTION IN BRAZIL.—THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO DURING THE HOSTILITIES, AS VIEWED FROM THE HEIGHTS OF PETROPOLIS.



A DECLARATION OF WAR IN MATABELELAND.

ALREADY COOKED.

"PAP, ain't we gwine 't hab no chicken fo' T'anksibin'?"

Pap—"Now whad fo' yo' axin' me dat? Doan' yo' know as well as I do dat Marse Ben's chick-en-coop dun burn down wid all his chickens in it?"—Judge

CONTINUAL REVOLUTION.

NORTHERN VISITOR—"Do you really have a revolution on your hands all the time down here?"

South American—"Oh, yes; this is a regular Ferris-wheel government."—Judge.

OUR MODEST CLAIMS.

EDGAR FAWCETT says Americans are a race of boasters. It may be, but they stick closely to the truth. The facts happen to be with them, and the right to boast is thereby established. We do suppose there was never yet an American, however much he boasted, who knew how to tell a lie.—Judge.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TOURS TO WASHINGTON.

Pursuing the policy which has been so successfully maintained during the past few winters, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a series of pleasure tours to Washington for the fall, winter, and spring of 1893-4. These tours have won great popularity on account of the universal interest which attaches to the National Capital, the low rates, convenient limits, and liberal conditions which the tickets bear.

The dates of leaving New York are November 30th, December 14th, December 28th, January 18th, February 8th, March 1st, March 22d, April 12th, May 3d, and May 24th.

The rate for these tours will be \$13 from New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, covering all necessary expenses during the period of the trips excepting meals en route. The special train will leave New York 11.00, Brooklyn 10.40, and Jersey City 11.14 A. M., and arrive in Washington at 5.30 P. M. A tourist agent and chaperon will accompany each tour and render valuable service in the welfare of the participants.

On the third day the parties will leave Washington at 3.15 P. M., thus affording considerable time in the most beautiful and interesting of American cities.

SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE, on his last trip to America, in 1825, brought several cases of the genuine Marie Brizard & Roger Cordials to America, and they have been in demand here ever since. For sale everywhere. T. W. STEMMER, Union Square, New York.

Brown's Household Panacea. "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25 cents a bottle.

For sick, nervous and neuralgic headache use The sure cure—Bromo-Seltzer.

Secure a sound mind and a sound digestion by using Dr. Siebert's Angostura Bitters.

A NOVELTY

to some people who are not at present familiar with its value, but our friends have been using it for thirty years and regard the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as a household necessity. Sold by grocers and druggists.

It would be idle to attempt to prove the popularity of the Sohmer Piano. Every child in the United States and Canada knows the Sohmer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Pure Norwegian

oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion—Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.

Scott's Emulsion

will check Consumption and is indispensable in all wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. 25¢ "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. "The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster."



YEARS ago disgusting lotions and poisonous compounds were largely used by ladies. But a new era dawned upon the Social World when the Rev. A. A. Constantine returned from his missionary labors in Africa, bringing with him a knowledge of the healing arts of the natives of that country. The result was the introduction of the now world-renowned

Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

As a cleansing agent this Potent Beautifier of the skin is a surprise to all. Pimples and blotches vanish before it; the scalp is freed from dandruff; the hands become soft and delicate; the lips assume the

RUDDY GLOW OF HEALTH.

The Teeth are made Snowy White; there is a rich odor of perfume about the breath; in fact, every young lady who uses this Great Original Pine Tar Soap has the proud satisfaction of knowing that it has made her

SUPERLATIVELY BEAUTIFUL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.



A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND CIN, TOM CIN and VERMOUTH.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors, 39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

LIKE LIGHTNING.

"Why is it that little widows generally marry the second time for money?"

"Love never strikes twice in the same place."—Judge.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"I LIKE this hat," said Isabel.

"It makes my face look long and well; But when dear father saw the bill It made his face look longer still."

—Judge.

There's nothing so GOOD as Cottolene

The new vegetable shortening. Wherever introduced, it drives lard from the kitchen, and indigestion from the household. It has been tried by every test, and has met every requirement. It is as much superior to lard as the electric light is to the tallow-dip. The only question now is, will you give your family the benefits which its use bestows?

There's nothing LIKE Cottolene

In composition, in healthfulness, in flavor, or in economy. Its success has called out a lot of imitations and counterfeits made for the sole purpose of selling in the place and on the merits of Cottolene.

Avoid them all. They are made to sell and they are a sell. Get the genuine COTTOLENE.

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails.



Made only by N.K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, etc.

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Are unequalled for smooth, tough points. Samples worth double the money for 16c. Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J. Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. When you can get the Best at large prices in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. Good Income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y. P.O. Box 259.



ALL OVER THE GLOBE—

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are known. Pills of American manufacture easily lead. Why? Because they're smaller; the vegetable extracts are concentrated. There are many liver pills, yet there must be a reason why Dr. Pierce's Pellets give the best satisfaction. Probably because they're sugar-coated, small as grains of mustard seed, therefore easily swallowed. Most of all—they act in a natural way, and are effective in result. Then, too, after they're taken they can't be felt—so different from the old-fashioned pills, with their gripping and violence.

For indigestion, pain in stomach, costiveness and habitual constipation, as well as sick and bilious headaches, these "Pellets" bring such a lasting cure, that they can be guaranteed. Your money is returned, if they do not give satisfaction.

The stepping-stone to Consumption—is Catarrh. It don't pay to let it go, when the makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will give \$500 if they can't effect a permanent cure of your Catarrh.

SIX FIRST PREMIUMS AWARDED AT World's Fair Columbian Exposition TO THE WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO. ON HOME COMFORT STEEL RANGES ETC., ETC.

STYLE No. 65.



THIS ILLUSTRATES THE PREMIUM RANGE RECEIVING THE HIGHEST AWARDS OVER ALL OTHERS EXHIBITED.

Made of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL PLATE and will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN FROM OUR OWN WAGONS throughout CANADA and the UNITED STATES.

SOLD TO JANUARY 1st, 1893, 258,460.

MADE ONLY BY WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO. FACTORIES: ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A. and TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA. Founded 1864. Paid up Capital, \$1,000,000. SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF "Home Comfort" Steel Hot-Air Furnaces

LADY WANTED

at home, to assist in preparing dresses, also other writing and copy office work. \$25 to \$30 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp. WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Inc.)

AU BON MARCHÉ

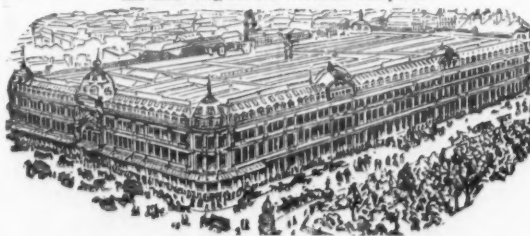
NOUVEAUTES

PARIS.

Maison Aristide Boucicaut.

PARIS.

The choice of all classes of goods in every department is the richest, the most elegant and the most complete.



The system of selling everything at a small profit and of a thoroughly reliable quality, is strictly maintained at the BON MARCHÉ.

The BON MARCHÉ sends post-free Catalogues, Patterns of various Fabrics, Albums and Designs of all Made-up Goods.

The BON MARCHÉ possesses the most wonderful assortment in Silks, Woolens, Colored Goods, Linen, Cloths, Costumes, Ready-made Clothing, Suits, Gentlemen's, Ladies' and Children's Hats and Shoes, Hosiery, Shirts, Trousseaux, Furnishings, Carpets, Travelers' Outfits, Toys for Children, Gloves, Laces, etc. It is acknowledged that the very greatest advantages are offered, as much from the point of view of quality as of real cheapness.

Goods are dispatched to all parts of the world. Correspondence in all languages. The BON MARCHÉ (PARIS) has no Branch or Representative. Clients should, therefore, be on guard against persons who use the above title.

This establishment is the largest and the best organized of its kind in the world, and one of the most remarkable sights of PARIS.

Easy to Take

and keep
the system in
Perfect Order.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

A specific for
Headache
Constipation, and
Dyspepsia.
Every dose

Effective

You leave New York at 3 p.m.; arrive at Chicago next morning at 10. Returning, leave Chicago at 2 p.m.; arrive in New York next morning at 11.15. This gives you a business day in Chicago, and returns you the third day in time for business in New York, PRACTICALLY MAKING THE TRIP IN TWO NIGHTS. This can only be done by the Exposition Flyer of the New York Central, fastest long-distance train in the world—another justification for the title, "America's Greatest Railroad."

The Exposition Flyer is full every day. To get good accommodations you must secure them several days in advance.

IF OPIUM

or any other drug has got the best of you send to DR. KANE, 86 5th Ave., New York, and receive a never-failing cure FREE BY MAIL.

NEW LIFE NEW VIGOR

Experienced by all who have had occasion to use

VIN MARIANI

This popular French tonic-stimulant is invariably Agreeable and Efficacious. When overworked, and for body or mental fatigue, nothing equals "VIN MARIANI" for immediate and lasting beneficial effect. This assertion is based on written endorsements from over 7,000 eminent Physicians, and continued use over 30 years, in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions. Trial will convince.

STRENGTHENS, REFRESHES, RESTORES

Sold Everywhere.

For Illustrated Book, with Portraits and Autographs of Celebrities, address,
Mariani & Co., New York.



CALISAYA LA RILLA.

Blue Label and
cap on bottle.

Contents color-
less, pure, aromatic
and agreeable.

Equalled by no
other Calisaya as
a medicine or tonic
beverage.

Of all druggists.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS

A MISDEMEANOR.

Mr. HOGAN (whose wife has a temper)—"I want me woife arristed for carryin' a concealed weapon, yer anner."

His honor—"What's the nature of the weapon?"

Mr. Hogan—"Faix, it's blamed shar-pp—it's her toongue, yer anner!"—Judge.

EVERYTHING INCLUDED.

Waiter—"Beefsteak, mutton chops, pork-steak, liver and bacon, and hash."

Van Pelt—"Bring me some hash."

Waiter—"Any one ob dem odder dishes would be better dan dat."

Van Pelt—"Yes; but in taking hash I get them all."—Judge.

They are read wherever
English is spoken. What?

TOWN TOPICS.

(32 pages.)
The brightest, wittiest, spiciest, most complete and entertaining Weekly ever published. (Press and Public all concede this), and

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS.

(256 pages.)
Quarterly Magazine of the best novels, racy short stories, poems, sketches, burlesques, etc., by the cleverest writers of the day.

Now is the time to subscribe for both these publications to avail of following

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT.

For \$5.00 both will be sent throughout entire year 1894 and Town Topics for the rest of this year free, including great Christmas Number (price 25 cents), and

Tales from Town Topics

Holiday Number (10), containing the great prize novel

Anthony Kent,

will be sent FREE, postpaid; or,
For \$1.00 trial subscription for three months ANY BACK NUMBER you may specify of Tales from Town Topics will be sent free in addition to the Weekly

Town Topics

for one-quarter year.
N. B.—Remit now in cheque, money-order or postal-note, to

TOWN TOPICS, 21 West 23d St., N. Y.

For Christmas Number (double) of Town Topics, out Dec. 7th, the best of the year, ask your Newsman, or send stamps 25 cents as above.

SHAYNE'S FURS

NEW YORK, CHICAGO,

ARE THE BEST.

Seven Highest Awards of the

World's Columbian Exposition

Received by us on Garments of



RUSSIAN SABLE, MINK,
NATURAL HUDSON BAY
OTTER, DYED HUDSON
BAY OTTER, SEALSkin,
FISHER, FUR PELTS
DRESSED READY FOR
USE, ALL KINDS.

THE NEW NECK BOA,

with head and claws in perfect representation of the animal, in all leading fashionable furs, which will be found useful for one's own use or for Christmas Gifts.

Goods sent post-paid, at following prices:

Genuine mink, \$5; better grade, \$8, and the handsomest for \$10. Genuine Hudson's Bay Sable, good quality, \$10; better for \$15; handsome for \$20; very handsome, \$25; and the darkest and choicest for \$30. Russian Sable, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150, \$200, \$250.

FASHION BOOK MAILED FREE.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturing Furrier,
124 & 126 W. 42d St., New York.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Manufacturers and Importers of



PHOTOGRAPHIC
APPARATUS,
MATERIALS, CHEMICALS
AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and View Cameras in
great variety of styles and prices.
Lenses, Shutters, Dry Plates, etc.,
etc.

The Best Text-Books on Photography.
Free use of dark-room on main floor of our store.
Fifty Years Established. Send for Catalogue.
Subscribe to ANTHONY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN,
\$2 per annum.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters,

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE
HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

J. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r & Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

In searching for the several graves of D. B. Hill you want to take David along with you. He knows where they are located.—Judge.

"Many diseases
arise from one cause
—blood impurity.

Beecham's Pills

(Tasteless)
Purify the blood and,
thus, go to the root
of many maladies."

25 cents a box.

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10
to 20 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THIS
WILL
CURE
YOU



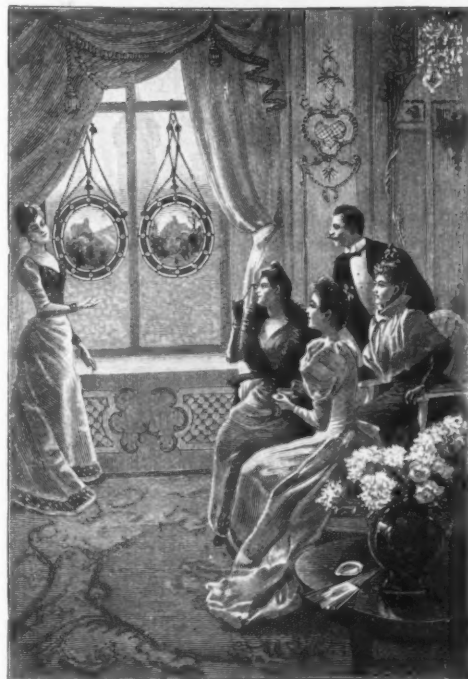
BURNHAM'S BEEF WINE & IRON

PRICE 50c. pint. Let those who have
pale faces try it. It is a GREAT RES-
TORATIVE TONIC that acts upon the
blood immediately.

Be Sure You Get BURNHAM'S.
Our formula is a secret. No other is
"just as good." All grocers sell it.

Six 1/2 pint bottles expressed for \$1.50. Send
stamps for book—"Household Hints."
E. S. BURNHAM CO., 120 Gansevoort St., N. Y.

ADORN YOUR HOME



GRIMME & HEMPEL, 310 Broadway, New York.

Main House and Factory, Leipzig, Germany.



THE FAMOUS ST. LOUIS BREWERY

AWARDED THE PRIZE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

No award has ever been made so gratifying to St. Louis people and so justly merited as the one given to-day by the Columbian jury of the World's Fair, consisting of connoisseurs and chemists of the highest rank, to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. By methods of unrivaled business enterprise, and by using the best material produced in America and Europe, excluding corn and other adulterants or surrogates, the different kinds of the Anheuser-Busch beer have become the favorites with the American people, and have now conquered the highest award in every particular which had to be considered by the Columbian jury. The high character of the award given to-day by the jurors will be better understood when it is known that the different beers exhibited by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association had to compete with hundreds of the most excellent displays of other brewers. The fact that no other concern has received so many points for the various essential qualities of good beer confirms anew the firm's reputation as the leader of all American beers.

O. MEYER & CO., 104 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

KODAKS

Success in Picture taking depends
most of all upon the lens. A defective
lens will spoil the picture every time.

Kodaks have the Best Lenses.
That's one reason why they are such
successful picture takers.

TRANSPARENT FILM.

NOTICE: Every package of film is
now dated and customers can thus make
sure of getting fresh film when purchas-
ing.

Careful tests show that our new film
retains its sensitiveness as well as glass
plates.

Our film does not tear or frill.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Send for
Catalogue.
Rochester, N. Y.

TAMAR

INDIEN

GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing
fruit lozenge,
very agreeable to take, for

Constipation,
hemorrhoids, bile,
loss of appetite, gastric
and intestinal troubles and
headache arising
from them.

E. GRILLON,
33 Rue des Archives, Paris
Sold by all Druggists.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; ath-
lete or invalid. Complete gymnasium;
takes 6 in. floor room; new, scientific,
durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000
physicians, lawyers, clergymen, edit-
ors, and others now using it. Illus-
trated circular, 40 engravings, free.
Chas. Jordan, Chicago Agent, 269
Dearborn St. Scientific Physical and
Vocal Culture, 9 E. 14th St., New York.

Cheap Printing

48 PRESS prints cards &c. Circular
press \$8. Small newspaper size \$14. Great
money-maker and saver. All easy, print-
ed rules. Write for catalogue, presses,
type, paper, &c. to factory.
Kelley & Co., Meriden, Conn.



\$25 to \$50 per week,
to Agents,
Gentlemen, using or selling
"Old Reliable Plater." Only
practical way to replace rusty and
worn knives, forks, spoons, etc.,
quickly done by dipping in melted
metal. No experience, polishing,
or machinery. Thick plate at one
operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine
finish when taken from the plater.
Every family has plating to do.
Plater sells readily. Profits large.
W. F. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O.

ALREADY COOKED.

"PAP, ain't we gaine t' hab no chicken fo' Tanksybin'?"
 Pap—"Now whad fo' yo' axin' me dat? Doan' yo' know as well as I do dat Marse Ben's chicken-coop dun burn down wid all his chickens in it?"—Judge

CONTINUAL REVOLUTION.

NORTHERN VISITOR—"Do you really have a revolution on your hands all the time down here?"

South American—"Oh, yes; this is a regular Ferris-wheel government."—Judge.

OUR MODEST CLAIMS.

EDGAR FAWCETT says Americans are a race of boasters. It may be, but they stick closely to the truth. The facts happen to be with them, and the right to boast is thereby established. We do suppose there was never yet an American, however much he boasted, who knew how to tell a lie.—Judge.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TOURS TO WASHINGTON.

Pursuing the policy which has been so successfully maintained during the past few winters, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a series of pleasure tours to Washington for the fall, winter, and spring of 1893-4. These tours have won great popularity on account of the universal interest which attaches to the National Capital, the low rates, convenient limits, and liberal conditions which the tickets bear.

The dates of leaving New York are November 30th, December 14th, December 28th, January 18th, February 8th, March 1st, March 22d, April 12th, May 3d, and May 24th.

The rate for these tours will be \$13 from New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, covering all necessary expenses during the period of the trips excepting meals en route. The special train will leave New York 11.00, Brooklyn 10.40, and Jersey City 11.14 A. M., and arrive in Washington at 5.20 P. M. A tourist agent and chaperon will accompany each tour and render valuable service in the welfare of the participants.

On the third day the parties will leave Washington at 8.15 P. M., thus affording considerable time in the most beautiful and interesting of American cities.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE, on his last trip to America, in 1825, brought several cases of the genuine Marie Brizard & Roger Cordials to America, and they have been in demand here ever since. For sale everywhere, T. W. STEINER, Union Square, New York.

Brown's Household Panacea. "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25 cents a bottle.

FOR sick, nervous and neuralgic headache use The sure cure—Bromo-Seltzer.

SECURE a sound mind and a sound digestion by using Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

A NOVELTY

to some people who are not at present familiar with its value, but our friends have been using it for thirty years and regard the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as a household necessity. Sold by grocers and druggists.

It would be idle to attempt to prove the popularity of the Sohmer Piano. Every child in the United States and Canada knows the Sohmer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Pure Norwegian

oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion—Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.

Scott's Emulsion

will check Consumption and is indispensable in all wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. PUTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.



YEARS ago disgusting lotions and poisonous compounds were largely used by ladies. But a new era dawned upon the Social World when the Rev. A. A. Constantine returned from his missionary labors in Africa, bringing with him a knowledge of the healing arts of the natives of that country. The result was the introduction of the now world-renowned

Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

As a cleansing agent this Potent Beautifier of the skin is a surprise to all. Pimples and blotches vanish before it; the scalp is freed from dandruff; the hands become soft and delicate; the lips assume the

RUDDY GLOW OF HEALTH.

The Teeth are made Snowy White; there is a rich odor of perfume about the breath; in fact, every young lady who uses this Great Original Pine Tar Soap has the proud satisfaction of knowing that it has made her

SUPERLATIVELY BEAUTIFUL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.



A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN and VERMOUTH.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors, 39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

LIKE LIGHTNING.

"Why is it that little widows generally marry the second time for money?"

"Love never strikes twice in the same place."—Judge.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"I LIKE this hat," said Isabel.

"It makes my face look long and well; But when dear father saw the bill It made his face look longer still."—Judge.

There's nothing so GOOD as Cottolene

The new vegetable shortening. Wherever introduced, it drives lard from the kitchen, and indigestion from the household. It has been tried by every test, and has met every requirement. It is as much superior to lard as the electric light is to the tallow-dip. The only question now is, will you give your family the benefits which its use bestows?

There's nothing LIKE Cottolene

In composition, in healthfulness, in flavor, or in economy. Its success has called out a lot of imitations and counterfeits made for the sole purpose of selling in the place and on the merits of Cottolene.

Avoid them all. They are made to sell and they are a sell.

Get the genuine COTTOLENE.

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails.



Made only by N.K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, etc.

DIXON'S AMERICAN PENCILS

Are unequalled for smooth, tough points. Samples worth double the money for 18c. Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J. Mention FRANK LEE'S WEEKLY.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?



When you can get the Best at Cheap prices in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. Good income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

P.O. Box 259.



ALL OVER THE GLOBE—

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are known. Pills of American manufacture easily lead. Why? Because they're smaller; the vegetable extracts are concentrated. There are many liver pills, yet there must be a reason why Dr. Pierce's Pellets give the best satisfaction. Probably because they're sugar-coated, small as grains of mustard seed, therefore easily swallowed. Most of all—they act in a natural way, and are effective in result. Then, too, after they're taken they can't be felt—so different from the old-fashioned pills, with their griping and violence.

For indigestion, pain in stomach, costiveness and habitual constipation, as well as sick and bilious headaches, these "Pellets" bring such a lasting cure, that they can be guaranteed. Your money is returned, if they do not give satisfaction.

The stepping-stone to Consumption—is Catarrh. It don't pay to let it go, when the makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will give \$500 if they can't effect a permanent cure of your Catarrh.

SIX FIRST PREMIUMS AWARDED AT World's Fair Columbian Exposition TO THE WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO. ON HOME COMFORT STEEL RANGES ETC., ETC.

STYLE No. 65.



THIS ILLUSTRATES THE PREMIUM RANGE RECEIVING THE HIGHEST AWARDS OVER ALL OTHERS EXHIBITED.

Made of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL PLATE and will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN FROM OUR OWN WAREHOUSES throughout CANADA and the UNITED STATES.

SOLD TO JANUARY 1st, 1893, 258,460.

MADE ONLY BY WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.

FACTORIES:

ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

and TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Founded 1864. Paid up Capital, \$1,000,000.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

"Home Comfort" Steel Hot-Air Furnaces

LADY WANTED

at home, to assist us preparing addresses, also other writing and copy work. \$25 to \$30 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp. WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Inc.)

AU BON MARCHÉ

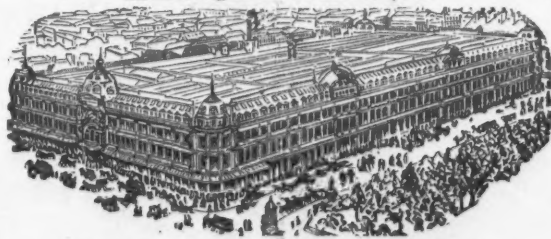
NOUVEAUTES

PARIS.

Maison Aristide Boucicaut.

PARIS.

The choice of all classes of goods in every department is the richest, the most elegant and the most complete.



The system of selling everything at a small profit and of a thoroughly reliable quality, is strictly maintained at the BON MARCHÉ.

The BON MARCHÉ sends post-free Catalogues, Patterns of various Fabrics, Albums and Designs of all Made-up Goods.

The BON MARCHÉ possesses the most wonderful assortment in Silks, Woolens, Colored Goods, Linen, Cloths, Costumes, Ready-made Clothing, Suits, Gentlemen's, Ladies' and Children's Hats and Shoes, Hosiery, Shirts, Trouseaux, Furnishings, Carpets, Travelers' Outfits, Toys for Children, Gloves, Laces, etc. It is acknowledged that the very greatest advantages are offered, as much from the point of view of quality as of real cheapness.

Goods are dispatched to all parts of the world. Correspondence in all languages.

The BON MARCHÉ (PARIS) has no Branch or Representative. Clients should, therefore, be on guard against persons who use the above title.

This establishment is the largest and the best organized of its kind in the world, and one of the most remarkable sights of PARIS.